

SEPTEMBER 17, 1891

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 616.—Vol. XXIV.

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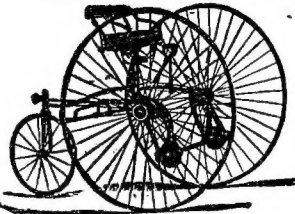
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MAKERS OF THE



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TESTIMONIALS.

1, Lake Vale, Alderley Edge, May 9, 1881.

Dear Sirs,—The "Cheylesmore" arrived safely on Saturday. I am more than satisfied with it. It will be the Tricycle of the future. The driving is wonderfully easy, and the steering something marvellous. I rode it over roughly-paved country lanes, and negotiated hills which I should not have dreamed of attacking on the Bicycle. Yours faithfully, (Signed) GEORGE DAVIS, Pres. A.E.A.B.C. & B.T.C.

From Rev. W. IRWIN, 231, Monument Road, Birmingham.

Gentlemen,—I am delighted with the "Cheylesmore" Tricycle. I can climb hills with it as well as with a Bicycle. The brake is so effective that I can descend the steepest hills at any pace I choose, and pull up, if necessary, in the middle of the descent. May 10, 1881. W. IRWIN.

Hill Street, Richmond, Surrey, Aug. 27. Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in informing you of my thorough satisfaction with the Cheylesmore Tricycle supplied by you this season, which I have now ridden a distance of over 1,000 miles in all weathers, both the hottest and wettest days of this summer. I consider it as perfect a machine as one can desire. I can ride fifty miles in the day comfortably without fatigue, and mount an ordinary hill, for which I consider it superior to many others I have tried, while by means of the very admirable brake I can descend the very steepest hills at as slow a pace as one may choose. The method of using the pedals as footrests render it doubly useful and pleasurable, both on the level and for descending inclines. I may add that several lady friends who have ridden it express themselves delighted with it. Should you desire to make any use of this letter you are at perfect liberty to do so. Believe me yours faithfully, THEO. DEAR.

2, Cambridge Villas, Woodridings, Pinner, Middlesex, June 23.

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15, Holborn Viaduct, London.

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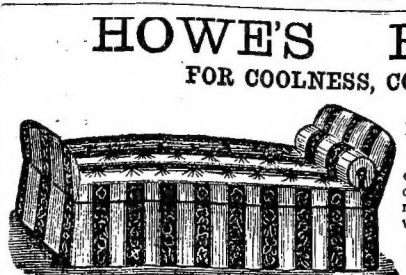
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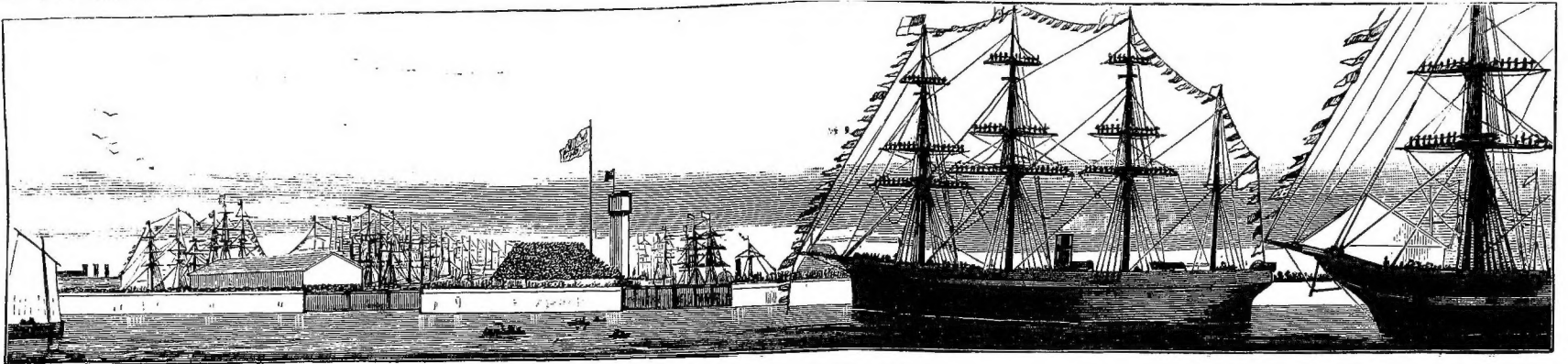
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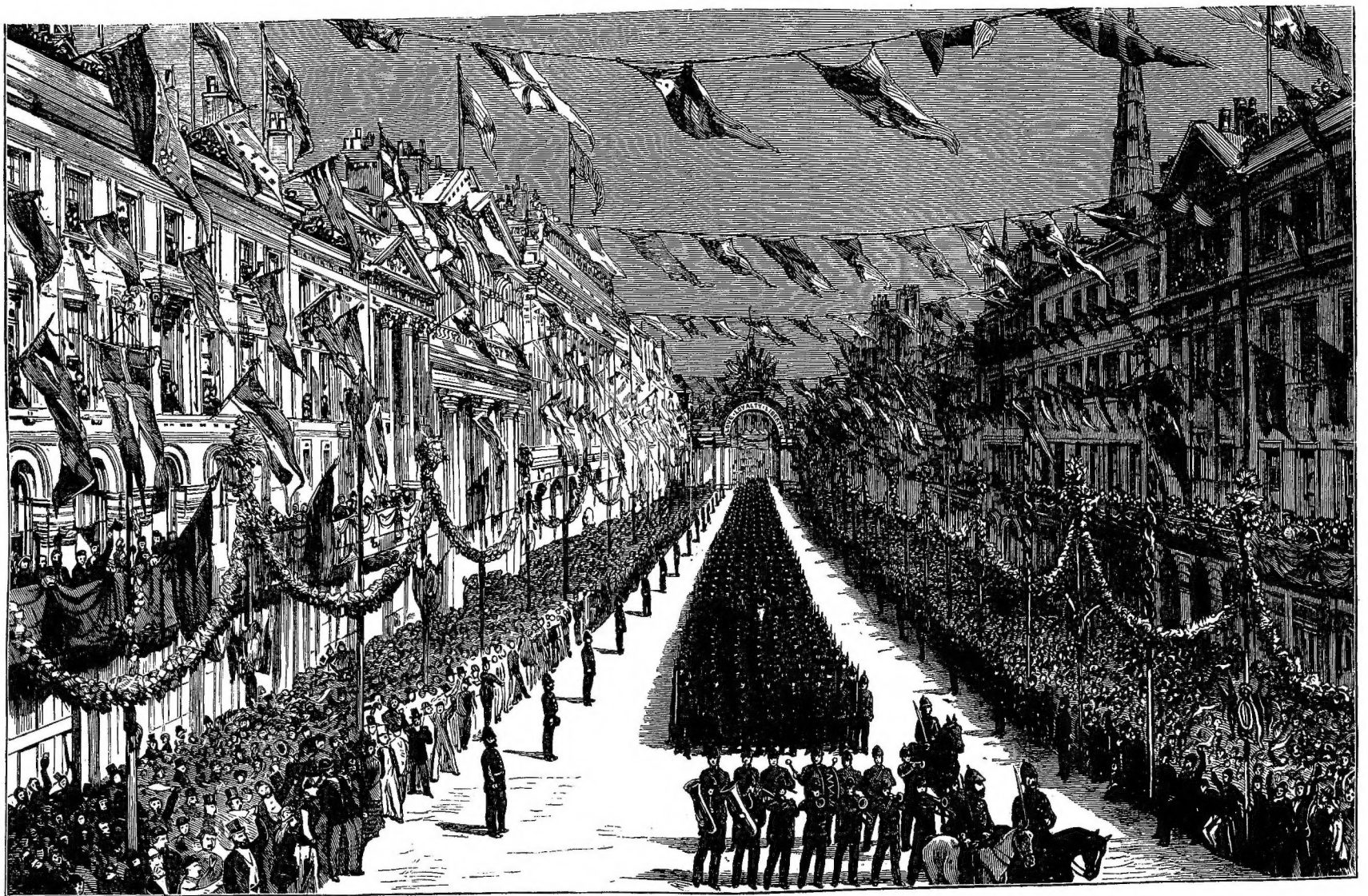
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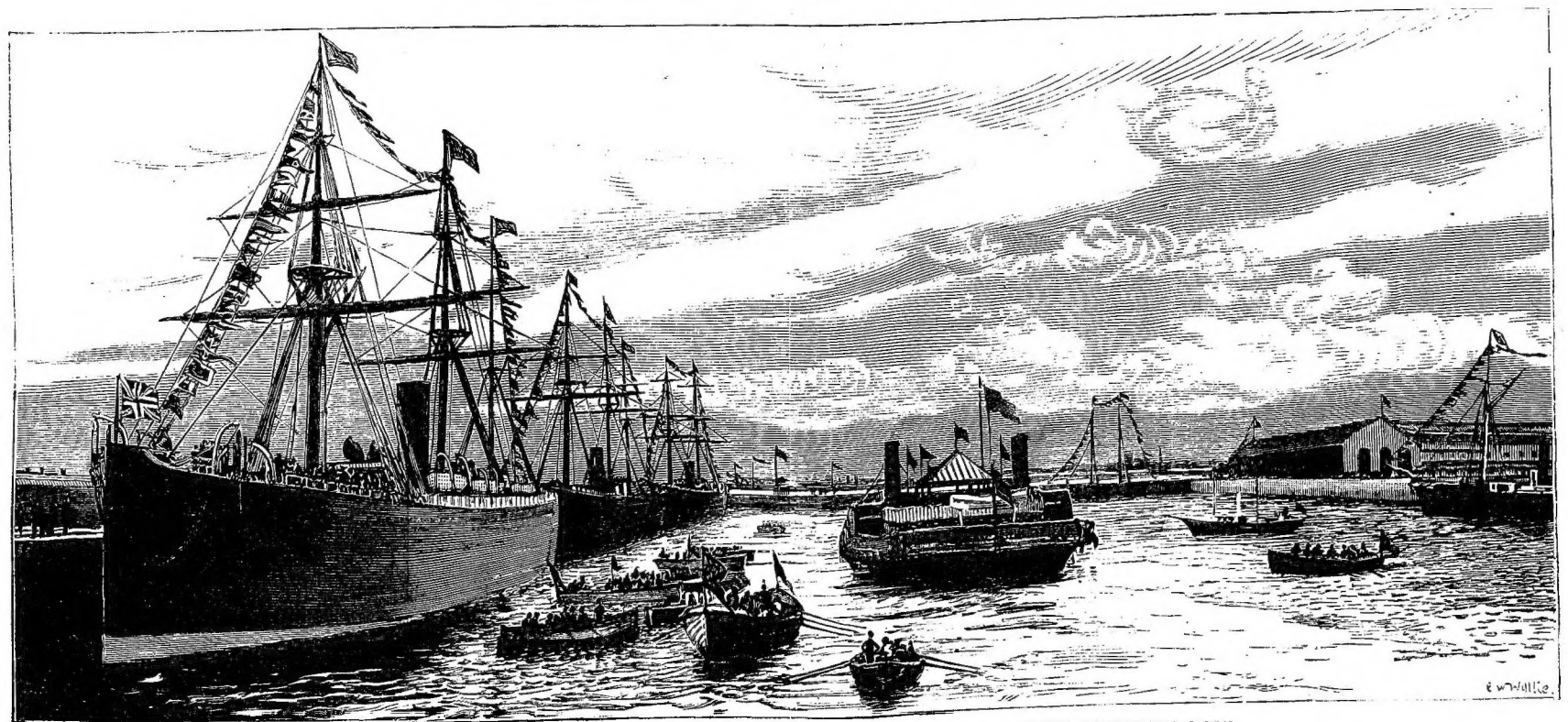
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THE "CLAUGHTON" WITH THE ROYAL PARTY ON BOARD STEAMING THROUGH ALEXANDRA DOCK

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT LIVERPOOL

Topics of the Week

SLAVES OF THE "RING."—He who "runs" a cotton-mill does not repose altogether on a bed of roses. To say nothing of the great Cotton Famine of 1862, an exceptional phenomenon, caused by circumstances which will possibly never occur again, he has to contend with minor but more frequently-recurring troubles. If after a long period of depression and loss he finds himself at last beginning to make a profit, the odds are that his workmen demand higher rates, oblivious of the fact that during the previous season of adversity their employer had paid their wages out of capital, and not out of profits. Then he has lately learnt that a Cotton Famine may be artificially created, and that his spindles may be starved in the midst of plenty. While he has been buying from week to week to supply his immediate wants, a set of astute speculators have stretched out their arms into the future, and have thus got those who want cotton into such a tight "corner" that they are forced to pay something like three-halfpence a pound over the legitimate market price. We need not here enter into the details of the process. During the last few days the public have been freely introduced to the mysteries of "spot" cotton and "futures;" and it is more pertinent to inquire whether these modern "forestallers" can be effectually checkmated. A majority of the Lancashire cotton-spinners have resolved to stop their mills for a week, so as to break the magical "ring" by lessening the demand for raw cotton. This is rather a rude and barbarous remedy, which, as we said last week, will sorely pinch innocent operatives, and may after all fail through the action of those millowners who decline to join the alliance, and who will spin away as hard as they can while their neighbours are idle. More good, we think, would accrue from a careful recasting of the rules of the Liverpool Cotton Exchange. The millowners, after all, are the best because the most permanent customers of the brokers, and the latter would yield to their demands if enforced unanimously. Our ancestors were not such old women as we are apt to fancy because they enacted laws against forestalling, that is, "the buying of goods or provisions on their way to market with the object of enhancing the price or preventing the supply," for, if our readers will reflect over the matter, they will perceive that any alterations in brokerage regulations which tend to hamper the speculator are in reality a partial re-enactment, as far as the will of a company of private persons is concerned, of these obsolete statutes.

EGYPT.—There seems no reason to doubt that the outbreak of the present troubles in Egypt took every Government in Europe by surprise. There may have been other intriguers besides the mutinous Colonels; but, if so, no responsible official of any country appears to have been associated with them. Fortunately, it is equally certain that the Egyptian people themselves had nothing to do with the sudden attempt at revolution. They are the most patient and industrious of all Eastern races, and although Ourabi Bey vapours about their rights, he knows well that there is nothing they so much dislike as a disturbance of this kind. The whole responsibility rests on the leaders of the army, and it has been universally recognised that if Egypt is to be made secure against similar outrages in future, the first step must be to bring the military element within strictly defined limits. The country does not need nearly the half of the number of soldiers by whom its resources are now drained, and if all who are unnecessary were disbanded, they would probably return with pleasure to civil life. It will, of course, be difficult to overcome the resistance of the officers; but the difficulty is one which must be overcome somehow. A country with which so many interests are associated cannot be allowed to remain on the verge of anarchy; and England, above all, is bound to see that her principal highway to India is not obstructed. The English and French Governments hold essentially the same view of the situation; and there is solid ground for the belief that if it were necessary for them to take joint action, either directly, or indirectly through the Porte, they would maintain their present good understanding. But we may hope that the Egyptian Government itself will be able to execute the measures which are everywhere admitted to be essential. No other mode of attaining a settlement would be completely satisfactory, and it is, no doubt, towards this end that the efforts of British diplomacy will be in the first instance directed.

THE PROPOSED IRISH EXHIBITION.—The people of Great Britain would regard with pleasure an extension of manufacturing enterprise in Ireland. The unworthy trade-jealousies of the last century have completely died out, for we have learnt by bitter experience that Irish adversity does not make for British prosperity. In a country where agriculture is the sole resource of the bulk of the people there will always be a redundant population on the brink of starvation. Hence the constant immigration into Great Britain, which has formed a Hibernian Ghetto in each of our large towns, and which has helped to pull down the more improvident part of the English population to its own uncivilised level. It would be indeed a delightful transformation if such a demand for labour were to arise in

Ireland as to draw back these colonists to their own country. Hence, every Englishman, Scotchman, and Welshman will welcome a movement for the promotion of Irish manufactures—provided it is properly conducted. Unfortunately, however, the proceedings which have just taken place at the Dublin meeting will scarcely bear this test. The world is rather weary of Exhibitions, still they undoubtedly help to call the attention of other nations to a country's products, and there is no harm in holding one in Dublin. But we have a more serious complaint to make than this. To recommend every Hibernian solely to use articles of Irish manufacture is a very awkward and artificial way of stimulating Irish industry. And in such a country as Ireland, especially under the benevolent auspices of the Land League, the recommendation will infallibly degenerate into Boycottism. If at Cork a Protestant clergyman and a Roman Catholic priest have respectively been boycotted for importing carpentry and statuary from England and the Continent, will not the *gamins* of Dublin be induced to "chive" along Sackville Street any gentleman guilty of wearing a London-made coat? As for the behaviour of the Land Leaguers at the meeting, it is only what might be expected from a set of men who are far more eager to stir up strife than to make their countrymen cunning workers in woollen, cotton, iron, and brass. In conclusion, let us give a recipe of our own for the development of industrial enterprise. It is of more value than a dozen Exhibitions. It is that every man in Ireland should mind his own business, and not interfere with that of his neighbours.

FARMERS AND "FAIR TRADE."—It is significant that the Farmers' Alliance have pronounced in the most decisive terms against the cry for "Fair Trade." They denounce it as "a delusion and a snare," and it seems tolerably certain, notwithstanding the recent elections, that in this they represent the opinion of the most influential farmers throughout England and Scotland. We do not enter into the question whether "Reciprocity" is under all circumstances to be condemned. There may be cases in which it would be right for England to follow the example of other countries in fostering particular industries by prohibitive duties, but we may assert with confidence that it would not be expedient to adopt this policy with regard to agriculture. We do not import more corn than is necessary for our wants, and to raise the price of bread would be to create an exceedingly dangerous source of popular discontent. Besides, farmers would profit little by the proposed change; it would merely enable them to pay higher rents than can be prudently claimed during a period of depression. The existing distress may be due in part to foreign competition; but with just land laws and a succession of good seasons, it would be strange if English farmers could not hold their own against distant rivals. The reform of the Land Laws is really what farmers need, and the members of the Alliance are so impressed by this fact that they have instructed a Committee to trace the outlines of a Bill. It is improbable that their demands will be on the lines of the Irish Land Act, but the farmers would be in harmony with the general tendencies of public opinion in urging the removal of those artificial restrictions which prevent the free application of capital to the development of our agricultural resources.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' GRIEVANCES.—This is the gracious season of the year when the conductors of daily newspapers open their columns for the ventilation of minor woes and wrongs. It is quite as edifying, and more entertaining, to hear how an indignant "First Class Season," desiring to arrive at Cannon Street at 9.30 A.M., did not get there till 45 minutes later, as it is to wade through the dulness and vulgarity which too often characterises the proceedings in the Lower House of Parliament. The present crusade against the railway companies is directed chiefly against two evils, unpunctuality and overcrowding. It is but fair to remember that these charges are made at a time of year when travelling is at its maximum, and when there is a great deal of extra luggage about. Time is occupied by every portmanteau which has to be shifted, and the successive short delays at each station make up a good many minutes at the end of a long journey. It is obvious that the companies have nothing to gain by being unpunctual; on the contrary, it is their interest to earn their money as quickly as possible, and it is also their interest to see that their servants do not dawdle to gain additional overtime, though this accusation is probably exaggerated. It is often said that Continental traffic-managers keep better time. So they do, but they allow more margin for delay. They can afford this with their miserably meagre service of trains, but if our companies were to add (say) ten per cent. to their estimated arrival-times, they would obtain apparent punctuality, but they would have to reduce the daily service of trains by a tenth. The public would then grumble more than ever. Next for overcrowding, which is chiefly complained of as regards local trains. The difficulty here is familiar to every railway man. There are about two hours in the morning when everybody wants to go to town, and two hours at night when everybody wants to come from town. It is not an easy problem in such cases to get all the coaches just in the place you want them. Hence, no doubt, some overcrowding and discomfort, and also, the line being blocked during these hours by a rapid succession of trains, a certain degree of unpunctuality. The practical remedy for this is to start by an earlier train. Altogether, we don't think the public

have much to complain of. There have been many improvements. For speed and frequency of service England beats the world. Our third-class carriages are palaces compared to the pens in which passengers of the humbler sort were cooped up thirty years ago. At rare intervals a railway murder may occur, but we do not have whole trains "stuck up" as in America, nor do our guards levy black-mail for the privilege of a seat, as on the Paris and Marseilles line. Lastly, some of these grumblers, who apparently would like to have a season ticket enabling them to ride all over the country first class for a guinea a year, should remember that there are such people as shareholders, and that if there had been no shareholders there would be no railways.

THE TRADES UNIONS CONGRESS.—The members of the Trades Unions Congress have some reason to be proud of the manner in which their proceedings are observed by the public. Within the memory of men who are still comparatively young, "Trades Unionism" was regarded with general dislike, but there are now few traces of this feeling, and the change must in the main be attributed to the good sense of the workmen themselves. That they often committed mistakes in the early stages of the movement they themselves would admit; and they are probably no more inclined to claim infallibility for themselves now than to assert it on behalf of their employers. Their aims, however, are as legitimate as those of any other set of public bodies, and their methods of attaining these aims tend to become more and more rational and moderate. There are signs that the Trades Unions, in addition to their direct social functions, will acquire great political influence; and it is satisfactory to find from the utterances of the leaders of the Congress that they desire to hold strictly aloof from party combinations. If they can succeed in being really impartial, we may look forward with pleasure to their future action; for a force of this kind is much needed in these days of violent and extravagant partisanship. Of the questions immediately relating to workmen which the Congress has discussed, one of the most interesting has been the Employers' Liability Act. The delegates unanimously decided that the power of employers to contract themselves out of the Act is injurious to the interests of the working-classes. It is known that in some cases workmen were of opinion that the provisions of the Act were less advantageous to them than the arrangements which had been privately made before the measure became law; but the Congress must be supposed to know best the general working of the new system, and there can be little doubt that its recommendations will be accepted by Parliament.

HOSPITAL OUT-PATIENTS.—Complaint was made the other day concerning a boy who was kept seven hours waiting at Guy's Hospital before he could obtain surgical relief. This was probably an extreme case, but it is notorious that at all our hospitals there are more out-patients than the doctors in attendance can properly manage. At the same time there are hundreds of skilled practitioners in London and elsewhere who would gladly attend to many more patients than they have at present. But of course they expect to be paid for their trouble. There are, however, a great many people—and not always very poor people—who are content to lose much time, and put up with other discomforts, provided they can get their ailments attended to for nothing. From the crowd of applicants, and the paucity of doctors, the examination of each individual case is often of the most cursory character, yet the patients go away tolerably satisfied, because they get their advice and physic gratis. Of course the evil would be cured at once if the kind of people who fill the out-patients' waiting rooms would subscribe to provident dispensaries so as to render those institutions self-supporting. But then the managers of these establishments must take care to provide really good medical advisers. At present there is a belief amongst poor people (not altogether unfounded) that although they may be kept a weary while waiting at the hospital, and are examined at railroad speed, yet that they are in the hands of men who really know what they are about. On the other hand, the charity-dispensary-doctors are not always up to what may be termed hospital-mark. If the shoal of hospital out-patients goes on increasing, as it is likely to increase with the advance of population, the hospitals will be compelled in self-defence to adopt some method for lessening the numbers of these applicants. The most simple would be to issue admission tickets on payment of a small fee. Patients who were deserving, and who really could not afford the fee, could easily find charitable neighbours to buy the tickets for them. In the long run this plan would benefit the proprietors of "open surgeries" and private as distinguished from charitable dispensaries, the former of which are already, as Mr. McGachen points out, abundantly patronised by the more self-reliant of the wage-earning classes, as it would tend to raise the poor out of the slough of pauperism into which they have fallen regarding medical aid, and would accustom them to the habit of paying the doctor as they pay the baker or the greengrocer.

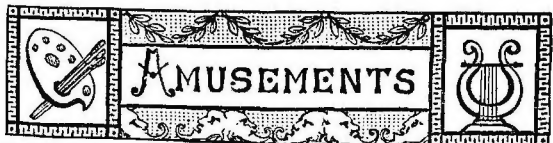
METHODISM.—The Methodists have not often the satisfaction of knowing that they attract much public attention, but during the past week their Ecumenical Council has given occasion for a good deal of general comment. Probably many Englishmen have realised for the first time how great a force the Methodists represent in "the religious world" of the Anglo-Saxon race. From all countries in which the

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English language is spoken their delegates have come, and it has been shown that in every one of these countries, in America especially, Methodism is more active than at any previous period of its history. There seems to be an extraordinary number of Methodist sects; but, if we may judge from the proceedings of the Council, they are all animated by the same spirit, and feel that they form essentially one Communion. No serious person would now be inclined to dispute that Methodists are justified in claiming to have played an important part in the religious history of English-speaking communities. When the movement originated, there were many fine elements in the national life of Great Britain; but vast masses of the population were beyond the range of any of the influences which tend to enlarge and elevate human activity. Methodism reached these classes by the only means which could have awakened their attention, and, by giving new sources of enthusiasm and interest to the poor and the ignorant, it touched indirectly many other intellectual and moral elements which could not come directly within its scope. Its ideal is in many respects not a high one, and members of the Congress have complained that the Methodist Churches find it difficult to retain their hold over many of their younger adherents. This is what might be expected, but the function of Methodism is perhaps not so much to establish permanent relations as to prepare the way for the action of influences higher than those which it is itself capable of providing.

SHOOTING AT GUTEAU.—The laws of the United States do not sanction the conception embodied in the statutes of most European countries—namely, that it is a greater crime to strike at the Head of the State than at a private individual. As regards the assault upon his person, President Garfield is, in the eye of the law, merely a private personage. Should he die, his assailant will be arraigned for murder; should he recover, the maximum penalty will be eight years' imprisonment. Now, keen as has been the interest felt in this country concerning the daily bulletins of the President's condition, it is the merest apathy compared to the excitement prevailing in the United States. The Americans—owing probably to their climate—are a more nervous and excitable people than we are, and the attack on the President aroused this excitability to the highest degree. For weeks past, in every part of that immense country, the state of his health has been the chief, if not the sole, subject of popular conversation; while at the same time a strong feeling of indignation has been kindled against the would-be assassin. In the United States there is a prevalent feeling, especially in the wilder regions, that the Law cannot always be trusted to do what it ought to do. Hence the not unfrequent appearance of Judge Lynch. It has long been anticipated that Judge Lynch and his myrmidons might some night break into the gaol and carry off Guteau just as the Edinburgh mob in the last century bore Captain Porteous to his doom. Hence a strong guard was maintained. It was, however, thought unnecessary to raise the question, *Quis custodiet custodes?* And yet it would appear that the guards had themselves resolved to act the part of Lynch and his Court. One of their number actually fired at Guteau, and nearly hit him. The American public will, we judge, incline to treat the culprits with a certain tenderness; nor, although the act is wrongful, and even cowardly, is it possible, even on this side of the water, to avoid feeling a certain satisfaction that the wretch who has already inflicted on the President many weeks of pain and helplessness, and who, if his victim should recover, will legally undergo a very inadequate penalty, should in his own person taste something of the bitterness of death.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "AT A FRENCH PUPPET SHOW," from the Picture by M. Lobrichon.—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 300 and 309.



BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE. EVERY EVENING, at Seven (Wednesday and Saturday excepted), WAITING FOR THE VERDICT. Messrs. Haynes, Reynolds, Drayton, Leslie, Lewis, Cameron, Murdoch, Pitt, Miscellaneous Entertainment. Concluding with THE WRECK ASHORE. Misses Eversleigh, Summers. Messrs. Howe, Henry, Newbound, Bigwood. Saturday, THE SHAGRAUN; THE FLYING DUTCHMAN. Wednesday, Benefit of Messrs. Jacob and Light.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NVE CHART.—On Monday, Sept. 19, LA MASCOFFE.

TO-MORROW (MONDAY), SEPT. 19.
AFTERNOON AT THREE.
NIGHT AT EIGHT.
EXTRA GRAND DAY AND NIGHT PERFORMANCES
by the world-famed
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS,
to inaugurate their
SEVENTEENTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR
at the
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY,
when
A NEW AND EXCEPTIONALLY POWERFUL ENTERTAINMENT
WILL BE GIVEN.
Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30.
Evening " 7.0.

SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND.
Now on View, RORKE'S DRAFT, by A. DE NEUVILLE,
An exceedingly fine Etching. Just Published.
Also BIONDINA, by SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. ENGRAVED BY S. COUSINS, R.A.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and to 6. One Shilling.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon; from London Bridge 10.35 a.m., calling at Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR
TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and from Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; also from Victoria on Sundays 10.45 a.m., and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon, calling at Clapham Junction. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion).

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.
VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN.
DAY SERVICE.—Every Weekday morning.
NIGHT SERVICE.—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Weekday.

1st Class. 2nd Class.
£2 15 0 £1 19 0
Available for Return within One Month
Third Class Return Ticket by the Night Service, 30s
A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.

Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent cabins, &c.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.
HAYRE.—Passengers booked through by this route every Weeknight from Victoria and London Bridge as above.

HONFLEUR, TROUVILLE, CAEN, &c.—Passengers booked through from Victoria and London Bridge, via Littlehampton, every Monday and Wednesday.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

HARWICH ROUTE to the CONTINENT.—The pleasantest and cheapest Route to BELGIUM (the Ardennes), Switzerland, Holland (Dead Cities of the Zinder Zee), Germany, the Rhine, &c., &c.—Through Tickets and Tours to parts of the Continent.—Passengers from the North Midland Counties can book at the same fares from Peterborough and Cambridge as from London, thus saving the fares between those stations and London. 24 hours' notice must be given to the Great Eastern Stationmasters at Peterborough, 24 hours' notice must be given to the Great Eastern Stationmasters at Liverpool Street Station. Read "The Great Eastern Illustrated Tourist Guide to the Continent," by Percy Lindley, 6d., at all Bookstalls, post free 8d.—Time Books and any information can be obtained free of the West End Booking Office, 44, Regent Street, or of the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail new swift Steamer *Columbia* or the *Tona* from Bridge Wharf, Glasgow, daily, at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m., conveying Passengers for Oban, North and West Highlands. Official Guide Book, 2d.; Illustrated Copies, 6d. and 1s. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free at Messrs. CHARTER and WINDUS, Publishers, 214, Piccadilly, London, or by post, free, from the Owner, DAVID MACBRYNE, No. 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT LIVERPOOL

LAST week we gave a view and some account of the new docks at Liverpool which were opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the engravings in our present issue represent incidents in the day's proceedings. The weather was fine, and the lavishly decorated streets were crowded with people, who gave a hearty welcome to the Prince and Princess, who were accompanied by their three young daughters. Driving from Croxteth Park, where they had been the guests of the Earl and Countess of Sefton, the Royal party passed through a vast crowd to the landing stage, where they embarked on board the *Cloughton*, the band playing "God Bless the Prince of Wales," whilst a Royal salute was fired from H.M.S. *Defence*, the yards of which were manned. The *Cloughton* then steamed through the Canada Basin into the Langton Dock, in which were berthed large steamships representative of the great lines, and the Royal visitors having landed with Mr. Hornby, the chairman of the Dock Board, the Prince set in motion machinery for opening the great sea-gates by pulling a lever, the handle of which being removed, proved to be a hunting knife, and was presented to his Royal Highness. The party re-embarked on the *Cloughton*, which steamed through the Alexandra Dock, on naming which the Princess, with a gold and jewelled penknife, severed a silken cord, which let fall a weight upon a bottle of wine. The knife, which formed the handle of a parasol, was then screwed on, and the *souvenir* presented to the Princess. At both the opening and naming ceremonies there was great cheering, while salutes were fired by H.M.S. *Agincourt* and the batteries on both sides of the river, including the new one at the Seaford end of the river wall, which is armed with four 38-ton guns. After the ceremonies the Prince and Princess inspected the engine-house and hydraulic apparatus connected with the dock, and then lunched with Mr. Hornby and a large assembly of guests in one of the great dock sheds suitably fitted up for the occasion. The Prince in responding to the toast of his health made a neat and telling speech on the growth of the city of Liverpool and of her trade. After luncheon, the Royal procession was re-formed, and made its way again through the crowded streets towards the Town Hall, halting, however, at two points, the St. George's Hall and the Haymarket, to receive the musical greeting of large detachments of school children, which together numbered about 30,000. The Royal party was cheered all along the route, and its warm reception in the Irish quarter of the city was particularly noticeable and gratifying. At the Town Hall the Prince received and responded to the Municipal Address, and the Royal party then went outside to the balcony to see the march-past of the local Volunteers—fourteen regiments, over 5,000 strong.

Our engraving of the Princess christening Alexandra Dock is from a photograph by Robinson and Thomson of Liverpool, who also took excellent photographs of other incidents of the day's proceedings. Our other engravings are from sketches by Mr. Arthur Cox.

THE RECENT INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS

SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC, upon whom Her Majesty has conferred the honour of knighthood in recognition of his services as Honorary Secretary General of the recent International Medical Congress, is the son of an eminent physician, Dr. Henry MacCormac, of Belfast. He was born in 1836, educated at the Queen's University, Ireland, and elected surgeon to the Royal Hospital, Belfast, in 1864. On the outbreak of the Franco-German war he volunteered his services, and after doing duty for some time at one of the hospitals in Metz, he was appointed Surgeon-in-Chief of the Anglo-American Ambulance, which, at the Battle of Sedan, and subsequently, rendered good service to both nations. He published an account of his war experiences in an interesting volume entitled "Recollections of an Ambulance Surgeon," a work which attracted a good deal of notice, and was translated into French, German, and Italian. Returning to England Mr. MacCormac was elected to the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons, and soon afterwards Surgeon and Lecturer to St. Thomas's Hospital.

During the Russo-Turkish war of 1876-7 he again did good service in the field as Chief Surgeon of the National Aid Society in the selection of the surgeons sent out by the Stafford House Committee, and in superintending the distribution of them and of medical stores. For services thus rendered Sir William has received a number of foreign decorations. He has held office as member of the Senate and Examiner in Surgery at the Queen's University, Ireland; and is now Examiner in Surgery at the University of London, Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital, Consulting Surgeon to the French Hospital, London, and to the Royal

hospital, Belfast. He is the author of many papers in the Transactions of Medical Societies, and last year he published a treatise on Antiseptic Surgery, which has been translated into French, German, Dutch, and Russian.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Barraud, 96, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.

PROFESSOR PASTEUR was born at Dôle, in the Jura, in 1822, and was educated at the Royal College at Besançon. He was afterwards Professor of Chemistry successively at Dijon and Strasbourg. In 1857 he was made Director of Scientific Studies at the Higher Normal School in Paris, and since 1868 he has been Director of the Chemical and Physiological Laboratory attached to the *École des Hautes Études* in that city. He has won innumerable prizes, and is a Fellow of various scientific bodies, native and foreign, but our chief business with him here is in his character as an animal vaccinator. As Sir James Paget remarked, he has done for the lower animals that which Jenner had already done for the human race. In France there die every year by splenic fever (*charbon*) animals worth 800,000l. Professor Pasteur has discovered a safeguard against this plague. He inoculates animals with the splenic virus artificially prepared, or, to use his own phrase, "cultivated." He has found that by allowing certain intervals of time to elapse between the impregnation of the "virus-cultures" he can regulate the strength of the poison, he can attenuate it till, instead of producing death, it acts, like the vaccine lymph among mankind, as a prophylactic against death. In his address before the International Medical Congress, on August 8th, Professor Pasteur says, "I was asked to give a public demonstration of the results obtained. Fifty sheep were placed at my disposition, of which twenty-five were vaccinated. A fortnight afterwards the fifty sheep were inoculated with the most virulent anthracoid microbe. The twenty-five vaccinated sheep resisted the infection, the twenty-five unvaccinated died of splenic fever within fifty hours. Since that time my energies have been taxed to meet the demands of farmers for supplies of this vaccine." The Professor added: "May we not here be in presence of a general law applicable to all kinds of virus?" Speaking of these discoveries Professor Huxley says, "They fully balance the ransom of 200,000,000l. paid by France to Germany after the war of 1870-71."—Our portrait is from a photograph by E. Ladrey, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.

"WHITE WINGS"

"A WET sheet and a flowing sail" may suit some hardy sea-dogs of yachtsmen; but many prefer the "soft and gentle breeze" for which the "fair one sighed." Well they might sigh of late, for many were the attempts in the westward march(?) from regatta to regatta, which have resulted in more than the "fair ones" being sea-sick, and a speedy return to only comparative shelter. Nevertheless, a look of dejection is certainly not the rule, and perhaps those who brave "close stowage," with its *agrémens* and its good fellowship, lay up a brighter stock of green memories than those who betake themselves to local hotels. But the undoubted fact remains that the vile weather has taken the bloom off the Weymouth and Dartmouth Regattas this August.

OPENING OF NEW PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS AT SOUTHPORT

ON Wednesday, last week, this popular Lancastrian watering-place made high holiday on the occasion of the opening of the northern extension of the Promenade and the New Market; ceremonies which were respectively performed by the Earls of Lathom and Derby. Their lordships, accompanied by the Mayor and Corporation of the town and the Mayors of several other towns in the county, went in procession through the gaily-decorated streets first to the Parade, the gate of which was opened by Lord Lathom with a silver key, and subsequently to the New Market in East Bank Street, where the stall-keepers were attired in ancient costumes. Lord Derby, after unlocking the door with a silver key, received an address from the Corporation, in responding to which he sketched the rise and progress of the town, and said that it would strive to be considered in the next distribution of Parliamentary seats. In the evening a banquet was given, at which Lord Derby made a brilliant statistical speech, in refutation of the prevalent idea that the country is rapidly sinking into ruin. The streets were crowded until a late hour, the Promenade was illuminated with thousands of Chinese lanterns, and there was a display of fireworks, and a procession of people clad in old English attire. The cost of the market was 23,800l., and that of the Promenade Extension 40,000l., but the latter sum will probably be recouped by the sale of the waste land, which has been reclaimed in the process of constructing the road.

"REJECTED"

EDITORS sometimes politely inform would-be contributors that their MSS. are declined, not for want of merit, but for want of space. Is this the case here? Is it want of space in the fair one's heart (the room being occupied by some more favoured personage) which causes her to send him disconsolately to the door? We fancy not. From the scornful curl of her lip, we judge that it is want of merit, and that, irrespective of other lovers, she does not like him, as Paddy says, at all at all, and she has evidently given him his *javab* (as Anglo-Indians style it) in a very plump and plain manner. Men in such cases are not greatly to be pitied, it is their self-love which is chiefly wounded, and they have seldom much difficulty, if they desire it, in consoling themselves with some one else. When a woman is rejected it is a far sadder business, for rejection in her case is preceded by acceptance, and, with the self-abnegation of her sex, she often still remains loyal to the memory of her fickle lover.

LONDON, FROM THE TOP OF ST. PAUL'S

A CLIMB to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral is an exploit which few Londoners care to attempt. It is one of those things which can be done at any time—but the leisure expressed in that careless word, "any time," somehow never occurs. Our country cousins when visiting the metropolis are far more anxious to see the great city from a bird's point of view than are the dwellers in the said city; and many hundreds of sight-seers weekly wend their way up those countless steps which lead to the "Golden Gallery." The sight from that altitude is, smoke and fog permitting, not one to be easily forgotten. The principal city of the world lies beneath us spread out like a map. The silver Thames cuts it in twain in a wavy line, the bridges, like little threads, connecting the two halves together. Streets in miniature, crowded with specks, like the passages of some ant-hill. It seems difficult to realise that each of those specks is a human being bearing responsibilities that we know not of. Each one having his own little world wherein he lives for himself—perhaps for others.

The smoke from a million chimneys goes up, forming strange wreaths of cloud here and there, which change from minute to minute, representing atmospheric effects which few painters would dare to imitate. Now and again a gleam of sunlight favours some particular district, whilst the rest is hidden in shade. Then the effect is reversed, and what was before bathed in light becomes a dull grey mass. On the horizon is dimly seen a hilly distance, a far-off region, where the hum of city life is not heard, and where bricks and mortar give place to green lanes and pleasant pastures. To the countryman it is a gratification to come to the top of the Cathedral to view this busy hive, called London, whilst the Londoner would be only too glad to change places with him, and to seek some little repose

Far from the madding crowd.

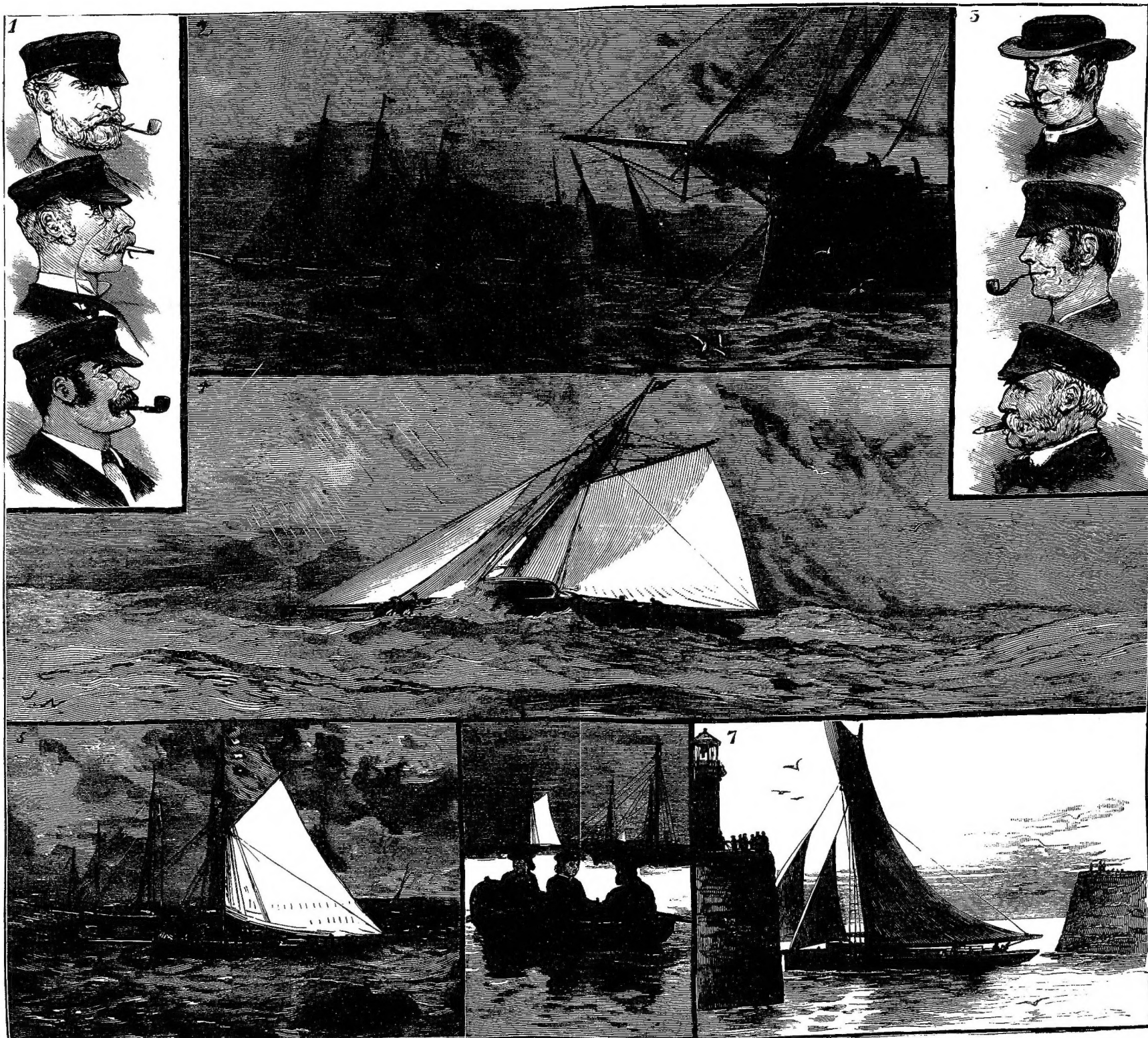


M. LOUIS PASTEUR, THE ANIMAL VACCINATOR



SIR WILLIAM MAC CORMAC, THE HON. SECRETARY GENERAL

THE RECENT INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS

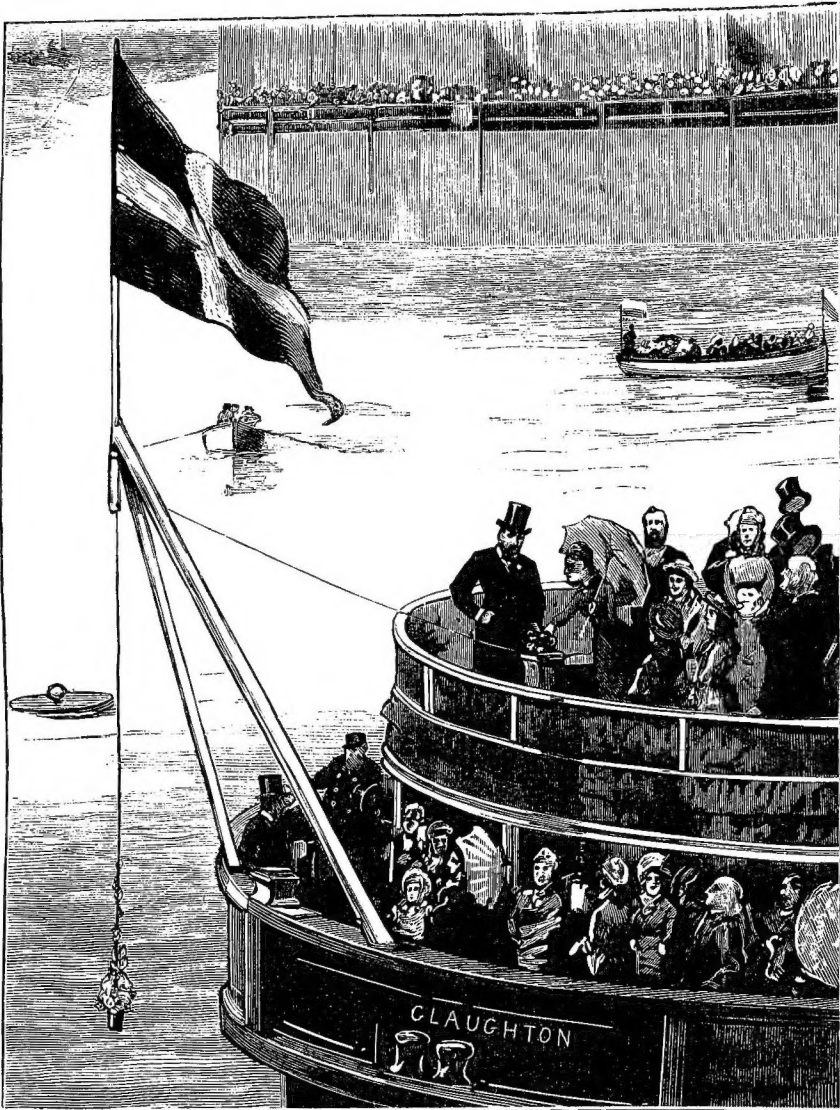


1. The Little One Bound at Portland, Within Hail of the *Hercules*.—4. Making for Weymouth.—5. The Little One Displays the Three Winning Flags.—6. Lady-Helps.—7. Out of the Racing.

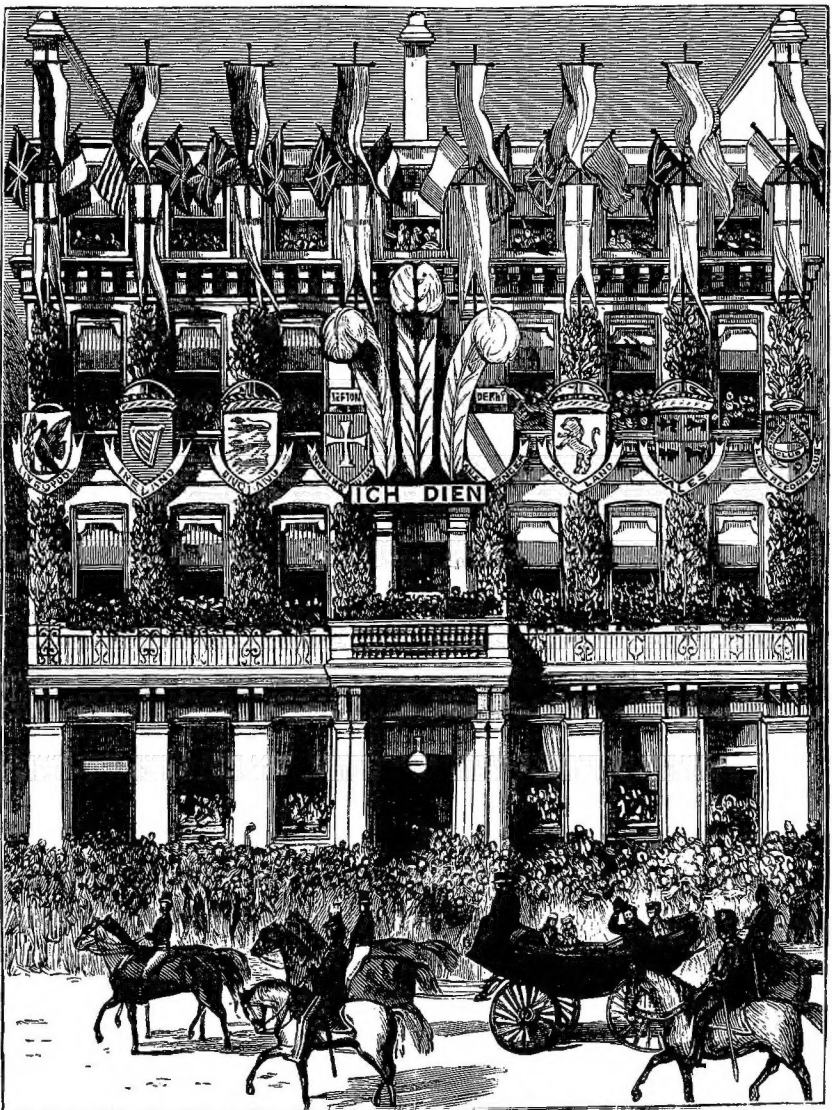
WHITE WINGS—YACHTING SKETCHES OFF THE SOUTH COAST



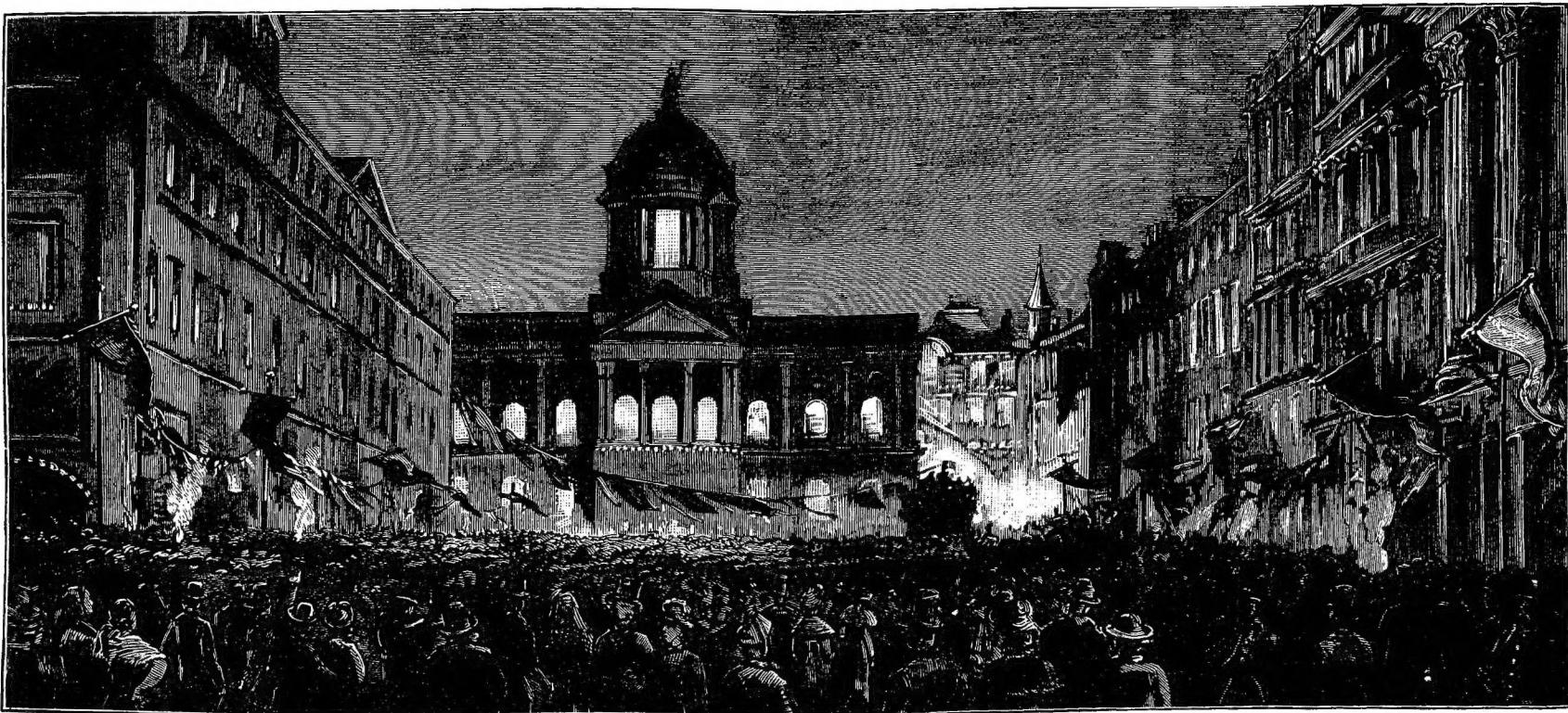
PHOTOGRAPHERS GOING HOME



THE PRINCESS CHRISTENING ALEXANDRA DOCK



THE ROYAL CARRIAGE PASSING THE REFORM CLUB



THE TOWN HALL ILLUMINATED

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT LIVERPOOL

"AT A FRENCH PUPPET SHOW"

THIS is a kind of picture which, if skilfully executed, always commands special admiration. There is something peculiarly interesting in being brought face to face with a number of countenances, all varying in character and expression, who are eagerly looking at something which we cannot see, but yet can imagine. Two notable examples, by English masters, of this species of work are Mr. Burgess's "Bravo Toro!" representing the gallery at a Spanish bull-fight; and Mr. Marks' "The King Passes," where a mediæval crowd is watching the Royal procession.

It may be observed that the puppet show is a more frequent and a higher kind of entertainment in France than in England. Now and then some foreigner introduces us to a company of marionettes, but for the most part Punch and his fellow-actors are our sole puppets; and Punch, despite the reaction which has of late years set in in his favour, is really as brutal and tyrannical a little monster as one would rather not meet in actual life.

Our engraving of M. Lobrichon's picture is published by permission of the proprietor, Mr. Joseph C. Lee, Park Gate, Altrincham.

A VISIT TO NORFOLK ISLAND—BISHOP SELWYN'S WELCOME

A TRIP was recently made by the Melanesian Mission barque *Southern Cross* from Auckland to Norfolk Island, on the occasion of the consecration of the Church of St. Barnabas, lately erected to the memory of the late Bishop Patteson. As we have other sketches descriptive of this trip, which we hope to publish hereafter, we will here merely describe the incident depicted in our engraving, which is from a sketch by the Rev. Philip Walsh, of Waitara, Taranaki, N.Z. "The *Southern Cross* arrived opposite the landing-place of Norfolk Island about 8 A.M., having been just a week on the passage," says the correspondent of the *New Zealand Herald*. "After breakfast the Bishop of Melanesia, Dr. Selwyn, came off in a whaleboat, himself working the rudder oar. As soon as he was discovered, some one on board called for 'Three cheers for Bishop Selwyn,' which one need not say were heartily given. There is no nonsense about him—he is essentially a practical man. After welcoming us heartily, he at once began getting us landed, and then to the Mission station at the other side of the island."

WILD-DUCK SHOOTING IN NOVA SCOTIA

"THE tub consists of a large puncheon cut in half. This is fixed into a frame, kept together by thole pins, so as to enable the frame being fixed up after the tub is launched, as the whole thing together in a boat would be clumsy to launch. The tub is thrown overboard, then the platform framework arrangement adjusted. Heavy stones for ballast are fastened beneath the tub. The wooden decoys simulate, of course, the birds you wish to decoy. In our case it was eider duck, and we worked thus:—We chartered a small sloop, and with a boat in tow and the tub on board &c., sailed for the feeding ground (many of them) off 'Big Duck Island,' Chester Bay, N.S., and hove to and acted as follows:—The boat took the tub and moored it, with decoys trailing out, several hundred yards from the shore, near a reef and shoal water—a favourite haunt of the duck. Leaving a man in the tub, the boat gets to shore and hides in the rocks, the men, watching the chances of the tub from the shore, keeping low down. The sloop meantime cruises about half-way out of sight, putting up duck that may be out to sea.

"Soon, skimming the water, comes a 'raft' of duck. Perhaps the man in the tub is looking another way, or is cramped by the cold and confined position, and unable to turn quickly round to meet them. The tub being too far off for the men on shore to see whether this is the case or not, watch in suspense. Perhaps the 'raft' passes near the tub, pauses, 'smells a rat,' and is off; but most often a figure is seen suddenly to rise from the waves and 'bang' 'bang' into the astonished birds, catching them under the feathers as they wheel to fly away, and eliciting suppressed applause from the 'reserve' ashore. Then out goes the boat to retrieve the birds; and as soon as the man in the tub has had enough of it—i.e., when his joints are stiff and his fingers nearly frozen—he is promptly relieved by another eager to take his place. The seals about here are rather quick at picking up birds before the boat does. The whole business, although hard work, is good fun."—Our engravings are from sketches by Captain W. Norcott (who has also furnished the above details), 101st Fusiliers, Halifax, N.S.

A CORDUROY ROAD IN RUSSIA

A CORDUROY road is made of logs of wood, roughly hewn or not hewn at all, and laid side by side to fill up a marshy or muddy place in a road. The name, of course, is derived from the resemblance of such a thoroughfare to the material of which hunting-breeches are made. In all thinly-peopled countries where timber is plentiful, in North America and Australia, for example, corduroy roads were common, though of late years, as timber has become scarcer and saw-mills more numerous, they are often replaced by plank roads.

Our engraving represents a corduroy road in Russia. On the track between St. Petersburg and Archangel there is a bog two versts long, over which is erected what our artist styles a wooden bridge road. A couple of Englishmen, one of them a clergyman, are traversing this thoroughfare in a post-cart, and the driver, in anticipation of a liberal "drink-money," is urging his horses along at the top of their speed.

THE GREAT FIRE IN CHEAPSIDE

THIS disastrous fire took place on the 1st inst., about three o'clock, when the City is perhaps at its busiest. The flames broke out in one of the upper floors, and spread upwards and downwards so rapidly that in about half an hour the entire building was destroyed, as well as four others in Bread Street, besides which much damage was done by fire and water to other houses contiguous, the total damage being estimated at 500,000l. More than one hundred firemen were engaged in extinguishing the flames, and some of these were injured, one by a fall from a ladder, another by some bricks falling upon him. Aid was also rendered by some of Messrs. Copestake and Moore's young men, who, it is stated, are occasionally drilled with fire extinguishing apparatus. The road traffic in Cheapside was of course stopped, and is now only partially open, whilst Bread Street is still blocked with debris. The walls of Messrs. Foster's house, which was only erected about two years ago, present a curious appearance, the stone being perfectly calcined and crumbling away piecemeal. The whole structure must of course be taken down.—Our engraving is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street and Cheapside.

THE HYDROMOTOR SHIP

AND

JOHN WILKES' LOVING CUP

See page 309

NOTE.—In acknowledging the source of the illustration in our last issue of the wedding of Miss Bright at Torquay, we attributed the sketch to Mr. A. B. Hume, of that town. It was, however, really drawn by his wife, Mrs. Ada B. Hume, whose initials are identical with those of her husband.—Our sketches of "A Voyage to Melbourne," last week, were from sketches by Mr. John A. Commins, of New South Wales.



THE "FAIR TRADE" AGITATION.—Last week the "National Confederation for the Unification and Consolidation of the British Empire" met at Westminster, and adopted a number of resolutions in favour of the abolition of all tariffs in restraint of Free Trade throughout the Empire, the creation of an Imperial Fiscal or Customs Union, and the direct representation of each dependency or colony in the Imperial Parliament. On Saturday the members of the Congress dined together, drinkingale and ginger-beer only, and strictly excluding foreign wines from the table. On Monday, Mr. Sampson Lloyd, who had been one of the chief speakers at this conference, addressed a large meeting at Coventry, suggesting the adoption of a Free Trade policy within the British Empire, and the placing of protection duties on imports from foreign countries which did not give equal advantages to English imports. During the week no fewer than three letters on the subject have been written by Mr. Bright, who in them expresses his well-known opinions in his customary plain language.

THE TRADES UNIONS CONGRESS opened its fourteenth annual Session on Monday in St. Andrew's Hall, Newman Street, Oxford Street, when, under the chairmanship of Mr. Crawford, of the Miners' National Union, the report of the Committee was considered and adopted, and a resolution was passed expressing sympathy with President Garfield and his family. On Tuesday, Mr. Coulson, the new President, delivered his inaugural address, in which he said that they were determined to have a fair field and no favour, they would not tolerate any reversion to the old nonsense of Protection, nor could they be silent on the Land Question in reference to England and Scotland. He declared that the working-men of England had no interest in carrying on wars for the sake of empire, which not only did untold injury to their class, but were profoundly demoralising to the whole country. The interests of workmen throughout the world were identical, and the old doctrine of one country prospering by the ruin of another was not believed in by them. He therefore asked them to enter on their deliberations with the feeling and conviction that they were working, not for themselves nor their countrymen alone, but for their fellow working-men in different parts of the globe, some of whom were far in advance of themselves in political aims and organisation. The Congress then began its labours by passing a resolution excluding any delegate whose expenses were paid by private individuals, or by any institution other than a bona fide Trades Union or Trades Council. On Wednesday resolutions were adopted expressing the opinion that the Courts of Petty Sessions should be reconstructed upon the same plan throughout the United Kingdom, one of the speakers suggesting that the Bench should consist of one professional lawyer and two men chosen for their practical common-sense. Mr. Inderwick, M.P., read a paper on "The Codification of the Criminal Law," and a resolution was passed instructing the Parliamentary Committee to press upon the Government the necessity of completing the work. The reform of the Jury Law was also declared needful; a lady speaker claiming for "properly qualified women" the privilege of serving on juries, especially in trials where the accused were of their own sex. In the evening the delegates and their wives were received at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor congratulating them on their work being done well and cheaply, and on the independence they exhibit in declining pecuniary aid from any sources other than associations of working-men.

THE COTTON CRISIS.—A band of speculators in the cotton-markets of Liverpool and Manchester have bought up all the cotton available for delivery in the hope of extracting higher prices from the spinners, who, however, have leagued themselves together for the purpose of breaking down the "ring," and have determined to stop their mills for a week, and, if need be, for a fortnight, when it may be expected that the "bolls" may give way or that fresh supplies may arrive.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE have appointed a Committee to prepare a Land Bill for England and Scotland for discussion at a general meeting to be held early in November, after which the Prime Minister will be asked to receive a deputation on the subject. A branch of the Alliance is being formed in Aberdeenshire, where something very like a strike against rent has been inaugurated, the demand of the tenants being a reduction of 25 per cent.

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION began its fourth Annual Conference on Tuesday in the Hall and Library of Gray's Inn, under the presidency of Mr. J. A. Russell, Q.C. Among the subjects discussed were "English Bibliography before 1640," "Legal Bibliography," "Cataloguing Rules," "Free Libraries," "Training of Library Assistants," and "The Elimination of Obsolete Works." On Tuesday the Masonic members were present at a banquet at Freemasons' Hall, and during the week visits were made to the libraries of the Four Inns of Court; the library of St. Paul's Cathedral; Stationers' Hall; and the Free Public Library at Richmond.

IRELAND.—The election of Mr. Dickson for Tyrone was a surprise to all parties, and a heavy blow to the Land League faction as well as to the Conservatives, despite Mr. Parnell's cool assumption of indifference after the result was known. It is said, however, that the return is to be petitioned against on the grounds of bribery and non-compliance with the Ballot Act. Immediately after the declaration of the poll Mr. Parnell went off in a hurry to Monaghan, there to renew the fight against the Government, but he had his labour for his pains, for next day it was announced that Mr. Givan had declined the offer of a seat on the Land Commission, and therefore would not resign his seat. There is, however, a vacancy in another Irish constituency, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, who has been seriously ill for some time, having resigned his seat for Meath.—The first notice of an intention to take advantage of the new Land Law has been given by some Mayo tenants of a Dublin clergyman, who intend to appeal for a reduction of rent.—Michael Davitt has been visited in prison by Archbishop Croke, whom he told that everything was done by the authorities to make prison life tolerable to him. He lives apart from the other inmates, is allowed books and writing materials, and takes physical exercise by cultivating a garden. He was kind enough to say that he was much pleased with many of the provisions of the Land Act.—The Land League Convention was to open its sitting on Thursday, under the presidency of Mr. Parnell. The resolutions to be submitted were drawn up at a preliminary conference on Wednesday. They denounce the Coercion Act; call for the immediate release of the pioneer of the land movement, Michael Davitt; assert that while one "suspect" remains in prison they cannot consider the Land Act meant to effect any improvement in the condition of the Irish people, and that no settlement short of the abolition of landlordism root and branch will suffice, a joint proprietorship idea being neither just, nor wise, nor final; promise to produce test cases for the Commissioners; warn the tenant against any engagement to pay rent for more than a yearly tenancy; refer to evicted tenants and call upon the branches for repetitions of their cases; call on the farmers to show sympathy with the labourers; and promise to create in connection with the League industrial and labour departments to promote home manufacture.—The reports of outrages against person and property continue, and are rather on the increase than otherwise. This is thought by some to be an indication that the Land League agents are making a last effort to convince

the Government that the organisation has not lost its power.—The scheme for giving an impetus to Irish trade and manufactures by the holding of an Industrial Exhibition in Dublin next year was the subject of a meeting on Wednesday, convened at the request of some of the leading merchants of the city, and presided over by the Lord Mayor. The proceedings were, however, sadly marred by the Land League clique, headed by Mr. Dawson, M.P., and Mr. Sexton, M.P. Dr. Lyons, the Liberal member for the city, was howled and yelled at until, after a gallant endeavour to make himself heard, he at last sat down. Mr. Sexton then proposed to add to the resolution in favour of holding the Exhibition a rider instructing the Committee not to accept any patronage. This was twice declared to be lost, once on a show of hands, and afterwards on a division, the Land Leaguers and their opponents trooping to different sides of the room. A scene of great confusion then ensued, in the midst of which Mr. Sexton lodged a solemn protest against the Lord Mayor's decision, and it seemed likely that the meeting would end in failure if not in actual fighting, when Mr. E. D. Gray threw oil on the troubled waters by suggesting that the Committee should be endowed with pure executive power only. This satisfied Mr. Sexton, and was adopted by the meeting, which, after another stormy scene over the appointment of the Committee, came to an end. It is hoped that in spite of this unseemly beginning the movement may be successfully carried on, as it is backed by many influential friends. The guarantee fund already amounts to over 17,000l., of which the two highest contributions, 500l. each, come from such opposite sources as the Lord Lieutenant and the Land League.—The latest instance of the "confidence trick" comes from America, whence it is stated by special telegram on "unimpeachable evidence" that O'Donovan Rossa has offered to stop his threatened agitation against the British steamship companies if they will pay him twenty-four dollars a week.

THE LOSS OF THE "TEUTON."—A fund for the relief of the relatives of the crew and passengers who went down with the *Teuton* has been started by the Mayor of Southampton, and the Lord Mayor of London has also announced his willingness to receive subscriptions at the Mansion House. On Tuesday it was announced that Captain Manning's body had been picked up.

TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL.—It is stated that the plaster casts, which, in spite of special police protection, have been so badly used, are soon to be replaced by the bronze panels themselves. When this is done, would it not be well to protect them with sheets of stout plate glass, which is not very easily broken?

THE DAIRY SHOW of the British Farmers' Association opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Thursday. There are 307 entries, the Queen and Princess of Wales being amongst the exhibitors, her Majesty having entered (not for competition) some Zulu cattle from Ulundi, presented to her by Sir G. Wolseley.

THE PARK THEATRE, Camden Town, was on Saturday last completely destroyed by a fire which broke out soon after the house had been closed, and is stated to have originated in a store closet, though how caused is not known. The flames raged fiercely for many hours, and being visible for miles around attracted an immense crowd to the spot. No personal injuries were sustained, but the destruction of property extended to several adjoining buildings, including a large stable belonging to the London General Omnibus Company, whence seventy-five horses were rescued, being turned out loose in the streets, and subsequently collected after straying long distances by the roads they were accustomed to travel.

A COLLIERY FIRE broke out in the Pentre Pit at Ystrad, Glamorganshire, on Wednesday about four P.M., and created great excitement, as it was reported that several hundred men were in the workings. By midnight, however, all the miners had been got out alive, as well as most of the horses employed in the pit, and the fire was being subdued.



MR. SIMS'S new drama, produced at the PRINCESS'S Theatre on Saturday evening with the title of *The Lights of London*, belongs in every essential to the domain of melodrama; and the author has not disdained to employ the arts of the practised masters of the craft—even to the extent of using some materials long familiar to playgoers who have a taste for entertainments of this class. With all this, however, it is a work displaying remarkable dramatic skill in the way of setting forth a long story in a picturesque and effective way; and it displays moreover in its scenes of poor life in London a freshness of observation and a manifest truthfulness which are very welcome after the artificial productions forcibly transferred from French to English soil with which our professional "adaptors" have so long been accustomed to supply the London stage. The scenes in this play are often painful; sometimes they border on the repulsive; but in the main they awaken interest and sympathy; and it may with truth be said that the tendency of the whole is to awaken compassion for the forlorn and neglected class of our population. Nor is the story of the play, though a little conventional in its portraits both of the wicked and virtuous personages, at all of an unwholesome character. Such outbursts of feeling, indeed, as the somewhat exciting scenes evoke from the crowded gallery—who not only applaud the good folk, and rejoice when they baffly the subtle machinations of their unscrupulous foes, but bestow upon the latter class hearty execrations, —sufficiently attest these facts. There is something really refreshing as well as amusing in the hisses with which the representatives of the villains are greeted even when they come before the curtain to receive the reward of their exertions. What compliment, it might well be asked, could be more flattering to the actors than such demonstrations of the effect produced by the performance upon these simple-minded spectators, who are well known—as the smiles and grateful acknowledgments of the hooted performers plainly indicate—to be hissing simply on moral as distinguished from æsthetic grounds? In the case of a play which depends so much for its effect upon the author's rare skill in maintaining the curiosity of the audience—not as to the ultimate denouement, for that everybody knows must be a happy one—but as to the stages by which this denouement is to be reached—it would be scarcely fair to sketch its progress even in outline. Nor, indeed, would this step afford any adequate notion of its sustained interest. It must suffice to say that it concerns the fortunes of a son disinherited because he has been guilty of a *mésalliance*, and then persecuted by a designing cousin, who not only prevents a reconciliation, but by cunning contrivances involves the hero in a false charge of robbing and causing the death of his father. Successful for a long time at every point this scoundrel obtains the condemnation of Harold Armitage to penal servitude, whence in the second act he escapes. What follows mainly relates to the vicissitudes of his life hunted down by his arch persecutor and the police in London; while a clever under-current of interest is maintained in the fortunes of his enemies. It will be perceived that this theme easily lends itself to those incidental scenes of life in London—the police station, the casual ward, the Borough Market with its noisy crowds late on Saturday night, and others, which are reproduced in this play with marvellous realism. No better managed mobs or more ingenious succession of exciting incidents have been seen on our stage; and these elements have the crowning advantage of being no mere arbitrary incidents of "sensation," as they are

generally found to be in inferior melodramas, but closely associated with the story even where they do not form absolutely necessary steps in its development. The acting is with scarcely an exception of considerable merit. Mr. Wilson Barrett plays the part of the persecuted hero with unflinching spirit, and often with true pathetic power; nor is less to be said of Miss Eastlake's performance of the part of the wife who shares her husband's sorrows and privations, and aids him, like a faithful partner, to the end. The wicked cousin is also represented with very artistic suggestions of depravity by Mr. Willard, and there is a clever performance by Mr. Spearman of an accomplice who, partly from vengeance and partly from motives of remorse, finally betrays the partner of his crime, and restores the heir to wealth and an honest name. One of the most noteworthy features of the performance is the variety and excellence of the acting of the minor characters by Mrs. Stephens, Mr. C. Coote, Mr. G. Barrett, Miss Ormsby, Mr. Peach, Mr. J. Beauchamp, Master Worley, Miss E. Edwards, and Miss Clitheroe. The very picturesque scenery for the five acts into which the drama is divided is furnished by Messrs. Stafford Hall, Spong, and Hann.

The revival at the ADELPHI of Mr. Charles Reade's drama, *It's Never Too Late to Mend*, seems destined to a considerable share of popularity. It is, indeed, difficult to see why a work, possessing many qualities which distinctly raise it above the level of very many pieces of more pretension but less artistic merit, should have so long escaped the attention of the managers of houses chiefly devoted to melodramatic entertainments. It is, indeed, a play entirely to the taste of an Adelphi audience; and though there are several points in it which seem somewhat unworthy of its author's genius, yet it possesses undoubted liveliness, a certain dry, grim humour, and a constant hold upon the sympathies of the audience, which, we may remark, are very properly secured for the most deserving characters. The prison scene has been somewhat curtailed, and is now introduced in such a manner as to appear less of an excrescence than it did at its first production in 1865, when, no doubt, it had a very substantial object. Nevertheless it is still very impressive and sombre, and affords an opportunity for some remarkably powerful acting by Mr. Warner as the convict Tom Robinson. Indeed, throughout his performance this actor displays an original and wholly spontaneous gaiety and consistent truth. Miss Clara Jecks was very pathetic and unaffected as the poor lad Josephs; Mr. Calhaem is sprightly and humorous as the aboriginal Jacky—of whom, perhaps, we see and hear a little too much—whilst Miss Gerard, as the heroine, acted with really remarkable naturalness, and tender sympathetic power. The other parts are likewise well-filled, whilst the mounting, with real pigeons, dogs, horses, and goats in the farmyard scene, and a real cataract in the Australian gully, is all that could be desired.

Mr. John Clayton is the new manager of the COURT Theatre, which will reopen under his direction on the 24th instant with a new drama written by Mr. Barrymore, an actor favourably known in the United States. Mr. Clayton has recruited an excellent company.—The GLOBE Theatre has reopened under the management of Mr. J. Heslop with a revival of *Les Cloches de Corneville*.—It is stated, apparently on official authority, in the Monday column on "The Theatre," in the *Daily News*, that there is no foundation for the statement recently made that Mr. Irving intends to play Mercutio in the revival of *Romeo and Juliet* next winter. Mr. Irving will play Romeo to Miss Ellen Terry's Juliet. Great pains and expense are being bestowed upon the scenery and costumes, and original music has, we learn, been written for the revival by Sir Julius Benedict.—Mr. Chatterton, who has obtained a seven years' lease of the NEW SAILOR'S WELLS Theatre, will commence his reign here on the 9th of October.—We reserve till next week a notice of Mr. James Mortimer's adaptation of *Les Vieux Garçons*, produced at the HAYMARKET on Wednesday evening.



THE TURF.—This has been a grand week at Doncaster, the Yorkshire folk taking as keen an interest as ever in the racing on the famous Town Moor, and visitors from other parts of the kingdom being as numerous as perhaps on any previous occasion. The first day's racing had for its special attractions the Champagne Stakes and the Great Yorkshire Handicap, and both were highly interesting contests. In the former those old antagonists Kermesse and Dutch Oven ran first and second, and Nellie was third, a remarkable instance of the confirmation of the true form of these crack fillies, as when Dutch Oven gave weight to Nellie she was beaten, and so was Kermesse when she gave weight to Dutch Oven. On this occasion, of course, they carried the same weight. Lord Rosebery is to be congratulated in possessing in Kermesse the best two-year-old of the season. No less than fourteen runners came to the post for the big handicap, and excellent judgment was shown in making the Duke of Beaufort's Petronel a strong first favourite, as he won like a thorough race-horse. Considering that he carried the steadying impost of 8 st. 12 lbs. the performance was an excellent one, and it is now evident that Petronel, if he keeps sound and well, will establish the reputation of being one of the best animals on the Turf. The St. Leger of Wednesday has, perhaps, been more written about than any of its predecessors, and for some time has presented one of the greatest mysteries on the Turf, from a market point of view. After the withdrawal of Peregrine, the great Northern prize seemed a certainty for the Derby winner, the American Iroquois, as the market more and more strongly indicated as the day of the race drew nearer. But when, apparently without rhyme or reason, the great body of the bookmakers began to lay vigorously against him, all sorts of surmises as regards his condition and the work he was doing began to be entertained, and no solution of the matter was arrived at, as day after day "all right" was the report from Newmarket. The opposition was kept up after his arrival at Doncaster, and he actually started at 2 to 1 against him, whereas, if all had been believed to be right with him, he would probably have started with 2 to 1 on him. Suffice it to say, that the result of the race proved that he was "all right," as he came home an easy winner, with Archer, his Derby Pilot, in the saddle; Geologist being second, a length behind, and Lucy Glitters, who has recently been running as a non-stayer, third. Volumes almost will be written about the race within the next few days, but whether the Iroquois mystery will ever be cleared up is another matter. If the recent position of the winner in the market has been the result of a conspiracy (we use the term in no offensive sense) among his American supporters in order to lay out their money more favourably, a very astute and successful conspiracy it has been. No English sportsman will grudge our "cousins" their double victory, but it may fairly be said that they are very lucky to have obtained it, as for many previous seasons we have never had a poorer lot of three-year-olds. Immediately after his victory, Iroquois was strongly supported for the Cesarewitch, and doubtless there are many good judges who think he will follow in the steps of last year's hero, Robert the Devil. Curiously enough Iroquois was weighted at 8 st. 5 lbs. for the Cesarewitch, and this is the exact weight which the winner of the St. Leger has to carry for that race, according to its revised stipulations. Geologist with only 7 st. 7 lbs. seems bound to have a good "look in" for the big handicap in question;

and Lucy Glitters with only 6 st. 7 lbs. is likely to be well-supported for the Cambridgeshire.

CRICKET.—The last of the inter-county matches was concluded at Brighton on Saturday last, the Sussex County Eleven being beaten by Yorkshire by five wickets. They made fair scores, however, against the powerful Northern team, 149 and 169 being the two totals, of which Mr. Bettesworth made 32 and 59, and Charles Wood 58 and 37. For Yorkshire Ulyett scored 69, E. Lockwood 43, Emmett 52, and Bates 48 in the first innings, which amounted to 247. This county takes second place after Lancashire in the grand result of the inter-county matches for the season. Gloucestershire takes third honours, having won four out of ten matches, drawn four, and lost two. Notts has made a pretty good fight under difficulties, the results of its twelve matches, curiously enough, being equally divided between the three possibilities, four being won, four lost, and four drawn. Lancashire shows the highest batting average per wicket, which is represented by a little over 39. The highest innings made in a match is 483 by Gloucestershire, and the lowest, 35, by Notts. Lancashire also shows the best bowling average per wicket.—Odds and ends of matches continue to be played all over the country, and it will be another fortnight, providing the weather keeps at all genial, before the impediments of cricket are stowed away for another season. An Eleven of "England," comprised of some good professionals, including Midwinter, O'Shaughnessy, and M. Read, have antagonised an Eighteen of Rickmansworth and District, but were beaten by the "locals" by sixteen wickets. The performances of the Rickmansworth bowlers was very respectable, Keyser taking 7 wickets for 36, Brown 5 for 19, and Titchmarsh 8 for 39 runs.—At Lincoln the M.C.C., with a not very strong Eleven, has played the County, and beaten it in one innings by 27 runs.—In a match between Eleven Gentlemen of Sussex v. Thirteen Young Players of the County the Rev. F. Greenfield for the former scored 112 in his first innings.

BICYCLING.—The meetings, held twice yearly, of the Surrey Club are among the most popular in the metropolitan district, and that at the Oval on Saturday last, when some 6,000 spectators were present, was no exception. After eight heats in the One Mile Handicap (Open) the final was won by J. C. Garrod of Fakenham; the Ten Miles Scratch Race (Open) was won by J. F. Griffith (Surrey), and the Two Miles Handicap (Club) by A. R. Lockwood, who had 130 yards start.

AQUATICS.—The "Chinnery Regatta," as it has been called, proved a great success, on which the Messrs. Chinnery are to be congratulated. The "Junior" Scullers came out in large numbers, and the final heat on Monday last was won by J. Rix, of Richmond, that for "Senior" Scullers was won, as anticipated, by R. W. Boyd, of Middlesboro', whose excellent form makes his absence from the sculling competition on the Thames last autumn more than ever a matter for regret.—At the great regatta at Toronto the chief sculling prize has been won by Wallace Ross, Trickett the Australian having gone out of the competition in the second heat. Dissatisfied with the result, Trickett has challenged C. E. Courtney, of Union Springs, for a four mile race, for one thousand dollars a side.—It is stated that Hanlan has announced his intention never to row again.—From the Antipodes we learn that Laycock, who showed some good form in this country last autumn, has rowed with Rush for the Championship of Australia, and was easily beaten by eight lengths.

PEDESTRIANISM.—The well-known performers, H. Thatcher and A. Johnson, who recently at Lillie Bridge made a dead heat of it in a four miles' walk, have met again on the same ground, and on this occasion victory rested with Thatcher, who did the distance in 29 min. 3 sec., which was better time than when the dead heat took place.

SWIMMING.—The 1,000 yards' Championship Match between Jones and Beckwith came off at the Lambeth Baths on Saturday evening last, the former being made a hot favourite on the strength of his recent victory over the latter in the 500 yards' match at Leeds. Beckwith, however, after the first 100 yards, had matters pretty well his own way, and when his opponent gave up before the distance was completed, he was loudly hissed and hooted by his supporters. There is no need to say more; but it is this style of thing which in more than one department of athletics and sport generally discredits the professional element, and estranges from it the support of those on whom it mainly lives. It should be added that there is no reflection on Beckwith in this matter, as he swam splendidly, and beat the best record time for 500 yards in still water.

PROTECTION FROM FIRE IN THE CITY.—As a rule people who have not many substantial interests inside the Civic boundaries are not expected to pay much attention to the deliberations of the various branches of the Corporation. The report, however, of the last meeting of the City Sewers' Commission is eminently deserving of consideration. A memorial was presented from the inhabitants of the Ward of Farringdon Without, pointing out what seems to be neglect on the part of the Board of Works to provide efficient protection from fire, and begging the Commission to devise some further means whereby the safety of life and property might better be secured. It transpired in the course of the debate which followed that the City had been practically unprotected from fire for five years past, that is to say, since the removal of the Brigade from Farringdon Street to Clerkenwell, and the reduction to small dimensions of the station at Watling Street; that three years ago Mr. Cross, the late Home Secretary, "wrote a strong letter" to the Board of Works, which, however, despite much correspondence, promise, and reference to arrangements contemplated, appears to have done nothing; and that the only local Fire Brigade consists of two fire engines and thirteen men. Now these statements open up several momentous questions. There can be no doubt that the City should be if anything better protected from fire than, perhaps, any other portion of the metropolis, for the simple reason that the property stored in its area is proportionately far greater in bulk and value; and because at night it is comparatively deserted. A fire in the City, as we have recently had good opportunity of judging, will do more damage in a less time than, perhaps, anywhere else in London. The removal of the chief station to the south side of the river has given rise to a good deal of rather wild talk and protest; it may be taken for granted that the authorities know best where the chief station should be. But the reduction of one station in Watling Street, and the absolute removal of another from Farringdon Street, are proceedings undoubtedly open to question. The best thing under the circumstances would be to allow the City to organise its own brigade. It has its own police force, which it manages most admirably. But it was stated that by an Act of Parliament the Board of Works are made the sole authority in the matter of fire, and the Corporation cannot establish a brigade of its own. If this is the case, then the sooner the Board of Works pays attention to the "strong letter" sent by Mr. Cross three years ago the better it will be for everybody concerned, which practically means every one in the metropolis. We suspect the truth is that the strength, or rather the weakness, of the Brigade will not allow of a better distribution of its force and appliances. It is notoriously undermanned, and only just in that condition which enables it to cope with ordinary requirements. It is absurd that for the sake of saving a few thousands of pounds, a daily risk should be incurred of a tremendously disastrous conflagration; and it is not only absurd, but unjust into the bargain, that the City, which pays a seventh of the total rates levied by the Board of Works, should be practically denuded of safeguards, the value of which it would be difficult to over-rate.



HANSON CABS have been introduced in Bombay.

THE DEGREE OF "M.P." is now conferred by a Transatlantic University. It does not, however, refer to Parliamentary dignity, but signifies "Master of Penmanship."

CREMATION IN GERMANY is slowly winning public favour. The furnace at Gotha has now been used fifty-seven times since its erection in December, 1878, and 23 of these cases occurred this year.

THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL will not be open for the regular despatch of mails before December, but the International Commission of Inspection have passed through by carriage for the first time without interruption.

THE FAMOUS CEDARS OF LEBANON have suffered so much from relic-hunting travellers that the Governor of the district has been obliged to take special measures for their protection. Only four hundred now remain.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH DANTE WAS BORN at Florence is shortly to be sold for 1,200*l*. Hitherto the birthplace of the great poet has been carefully preserved by the Florentine Municipality, but they have now handed it over to a banking company in order to discharge a debt.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS IN FRANCE are more frequent on the Marseilles route than on any other line, similar disasters rarely occurring on either Northern, Western, or Eastern railways. The Southerners employed are talkative and lazy, and are thus more prone to make mistakes, while other provincials are generally steady and cautious.

THE COSTLY RUSSIAN IMPERIAL YACHT *Livadia* has at last been acknowledged a failure, according to a report from Odessa. She is too slow, and rolls too much, besides being weakly built. Accordingly the vessel will be broken up, and her materials used to construct four men-of-war, while her splendid fittings will be transferred to a new yacht to be built on the plan of the original *Livadia*.

AN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT MANCHESTER to be held next year has been proposed, the profits of the undertaking to be applied to the formation of an Art museum on the South Kensington model, adapted, however, to local requirements. As Manchester is the centre of an enormously populous district, and is very easy of access, it is suggested that such an exhibition would greatly increase the prosperity of northern manufactures.

THE ACCLIMATISATION OF BRITISH SALMON IN AUSTRALIAN WATERS is yearly proving more successful, and a fine 7 lb. fish has lately been caught in the Saltwater River near Melbourne. Since Sir S. Wilson first introduced salmon at the Antipodes they have thriven thoroughly well in their new home, and the salmon fry placed by him in the rivers of Victoria three years ago are now ascending from the sea to deposit their ova.

A "SUICIDAL MACHINE" has been invented by an ingenious Englishman, at least so says the Brussels *National*. The would-be suicide sits down quietly in a softly-cushioned arm-chair, and by leaning his head back opens a small reservoir containing a powerful narcotic. Overpowered by the fumes he sinks further down in the chair, and so touches a spring, which discharges eight revolvers simultaneously into his body.

THE INSTITUTE FOR BRITISH GOVERNESSES IN PARIS, in connection with Miss Leigh's well-known institutions, has moved its quarters this autumn to larger rooms in the Rue de la Boétie, at the corner of the Champs Elysées. Since its foundation in 1879 the Institute has become a great boon to many English ladies teaching in Paris, who on payment of a small sum for membership have the privileges of a club, as they can rest, read, and take their meals there, while *soirées* are frequently given, and Bible-classes are held on Sundays.

COMMANDER CHEYNE'S PROPOSED BALLOON EXPLORATION of the North Pole would appear, from the news recently received from America, to have a better chance of success than has hitherto been supposed by many people. The fact that Lieutenant Greeley's exploring party was landed safely at Discovery Bay on August 11th last, and that there was open water to the northward "as far as the eye could reach," would seem to show that a balloon party could take up winter quarters on the coal seam in this neighbourhood, as proposed by Captain Cheyne, and could make during the following spring and summer a vigorous attempt to investigate the *Terra Incognita* extending thence to the North Pole. Moreover, the stoppage of the Dutch Expedition at Spitzbergen apparently justifies Commander Cheyne's opinion that the Discovery Bay route is the best.

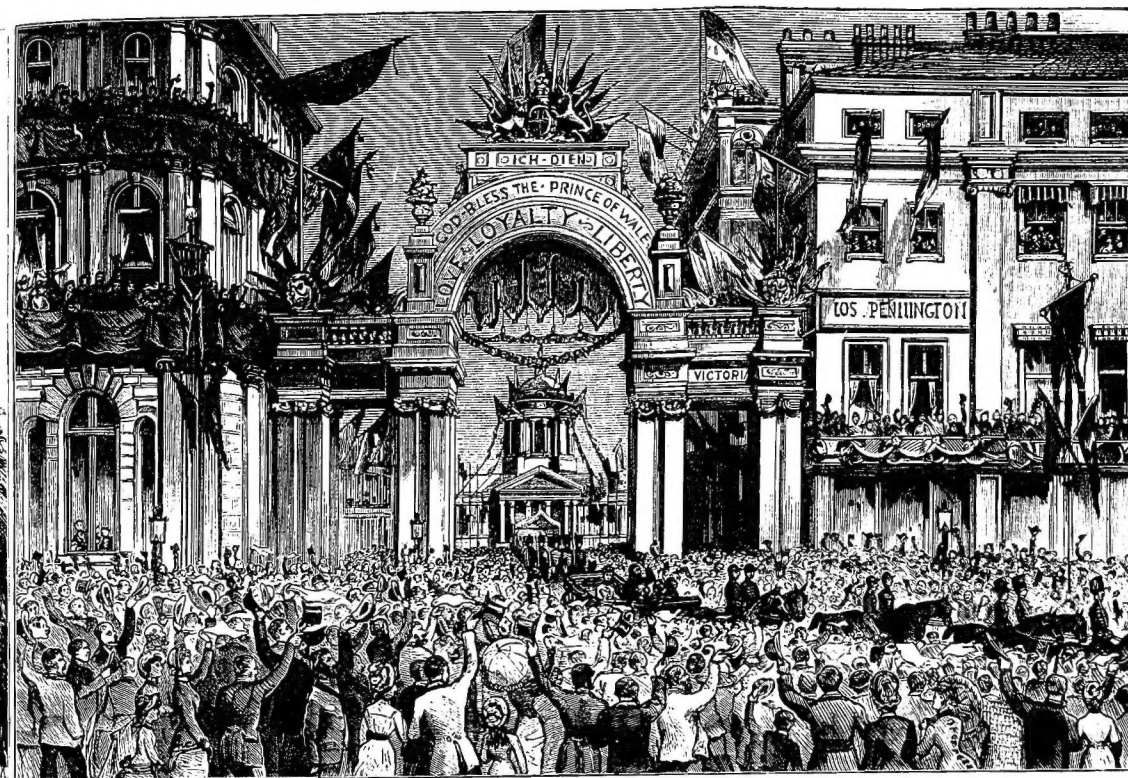
PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S WOULD-BE ASSASSIN, Guiteau, is threatened by a secret organisation with speedy lynching, should the President die. This society, which, according to the Albany *Sunday Press*, is well known to the Washington authorities, intends to hang Guiteau by a slow process, so as to give each member of the association time to lodge a bullet in his body, without touching a vital part, much as the Redskins used to treat white prisoners in times past. The jailers are said to sympathise with the movement, and Guiteau accordingly eats or sleeps little, owing to fear, his dread being fully justified by the recent attempt of his guard to shoot him. The President, by the way, has requested that all the newspaper reports of his case should be pasted into scrap-books, so that he may read them if he gets well.

THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION, under Lieut. Greeley, to establish a meteorological station at Lady Franklin Bay, has been safely landed in Discovery Harbour; and the *Proteus*, which took out the Expedition, has arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, bringing back the English Arctic mail left at Littleton Island in 1876. The *Proteus* reports that last winter was very mild, and that this summer was accordingly highly favourable for exploration, nothing but open water being visible. On the other hand, in the neighbourhood of Nova Zembla, the ice is unusually thick, and the Dutch Exhibition in the *Willem Barents* have been unable even to reach Spitzbergen. Talking of Polar exploration, the Italian Antarctic Expedition starts from Genoa on the 3rd prox. for Buenos Ayres, where the command will be taken by Lieutenant Bove, who accompanied Professor Nordenskjöld in the *Vega*.

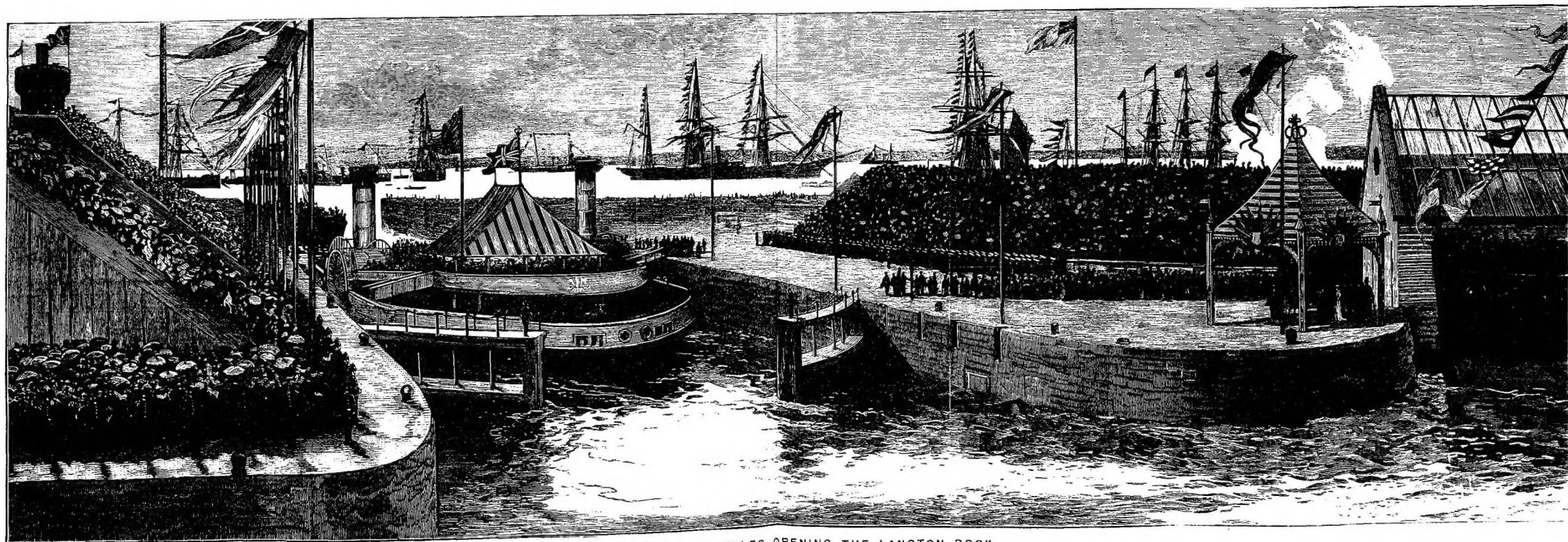
LONDON MORTALITY increased very slightly last week, and the deaths numbered 1,229 against 1,190 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 39, although 199 below the average, and at the low rate of 16.7 per 1,000. There were 27 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 5), 48 from scarlet fever (a rise of 8, and 4 above the average), 29 from whooping-cough (an increase of 11, but 7 below the average), 27 from measles (a fall of 8, but 8 above the average), 39 from diarrhoea (a decrease of 18, and 135 below the usual return), 14 from diphtheria (a rise of 8, and double the usual return), 10 from simple fever (a fall of 3), 2 from typhus fever, 1 from cholera, and 2 from dysentery. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 131 from 115, but were 15 below the average, while different forms of violence caused 51 deaths. There were 2,513 births registered—an increase of 151, but 20 below the average. The mean temperature was 55.4 deg.—3.6 deg. below the average, and there were 15.3 hours of bright sunshine out of the 91.7 hours during which the sun was above the horizon, about 17 per cent.



AT THE TOWN HALL—THE PRINCE REPLYING TO THE CORPORATION ADDRESS



THE ROYAL PARTY LEAVING THE TOWN HALL FOR CROXTETH



THE PRINCE OF WALES OPENING THE LANGTON DOCK

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT LIVERPOOL



THE MILITARY INSURRECTION IN EGYPT.—The army troubles which have long been gathering in Egypt have broken out at last. Since February, when the native officers found themselves sufficiently powerful to impose their opinions on the Khédive respecting the removal of the War Minister and the punishment of certain rebellious colonels, disaffection has steadily gained ground throughout the army, one of the chief causes of discontent being the favour shown to the Circassian or Turkish officers at the expense of the Arab or National party. Up to the time of last week's demonstration, however, the officers protested loudly against all reports of mutinous feeling, while an outbreak was apparently so little expected that both the French and English Consuls and the French Controller-General were away from Cairo. A fresh distasteful appointment by Daoud Pasha gave the malcontents their opportunity, and on Friday they marched to the Abdin Palace, where the colonels, headed by Ourabi Bey, and backed up by 4,000 men and thirty guns, demanded the granting of a Constitution, the dismissal of the Ministry, and the increase of the army to 18,000 men. The Khédive had been previously warned of the demonstration, and had summoned the British Controller-General, who urged him to appeal to the loyalty of his faithful troops, and arrest the mutineers. Tewfik did not, however, act promptly enough, and so was forestalled by the rebellious troops, while on appearing before them he was plainly told that if he did not accede to their terms they had his successor ready. The British acting Consul-General was called in to negotiate with the officers, and eventually persuaded them to refer the two points of army increase and a Constitution to Constantinople, yielding, however, in the matter of the new Ministry, which the officers insisted should be formed by Sherif Pasha, one of the chiefs of the National Party. The troops then dispersed, Sherif was summoned, and after much opposition consented to act as mediator. He was at first unsuccessful, as the officers insisted afresh that all their demands should be fulfilled, boasting that they were supported by 80,000 Bedouins, and the situation appeared very critical, when the arrival of a number of notables summoned by the officers opportunely turned the tide. The notables strongly disapproved of the officers' action, and induced them to sign an act of complete submission to the Khédive, which was duly presented at the Abdin Palace on Tuesday night. Sherif accordingly agreed to form a Cabinet, with Mahmoud Baroudi once more as War Minister; and in return for this concession, and the promise that the regulations of the late Army Committee should be at once fulfilled, the troops undertook to withdraw from the capital within a stipulated time. For the present, therefore, Cairo is once more quiet; but it is greatly feared that peace is only patched up temporarily. Whether the sudden submission of the mutineers was really due to the notables' influence, or to the fear of foreign intervention, remains an open question; but it is evident that the army find their power increasing, while the Khédive has not sufficient firmness to cope with their demands. It is generally acknowledged that the army is far too large for Egypt's actual requirements; and that, while the majority of the men dislike military service, and would be glad enough to return to field pursuits, the officers have little to do, and so spend their leisure time in brooding over grievances. Throughout the crisis no hostility has been shown towards Europeans, and indeed order was so little disturbed in Cairo that many of the inhabitants knew nothing whatever about the matter. Nevertheless the State treasure was sent off to Alexandria for safety. The British and French representatives at Cairo are said to continue in perfect harmony, and Sherif, in his programme of reforms, acknowledges the necessity of maintaining the European control, the Khédive fully echoing his sentiments. Meanwhile the Porte, in contradiction to the rumour that she supported the rebellious officers, will send a Special Commissioner to investigate the state of affairs. Turkey apparently is by no means sorry that the question of despatching troops to Egypt is temporarily in abeyance, as, although glad enough to assert her suzerainty, she would find the expedition a heavy expense in her impoverished condition.

FRANCE.—African difficulties have effectually put all other subjects in the shade. Engrossed by the Egyptian crisis and Tunisian affairs the public just now cares little for home politics, which, indeed, are perfectly uneventful, the only item of interest being M. Jules Ferry's speech to his constituents at St. Die, which was merely a panegyric of the late elections and M. Gambetta's services, and touched upon none of the important questions of the day. Intimately concerned as France is in Egypt she has been considerably annoyed by England having taken the lead in the late events at Cairo, and bitterly regrets the untoward absence of her representatives. Many of the journals, indeed, do not scruple to accuse the English of having fostered the military insubordination, but the more moderate and important portion of the Press, and notably the *République Française*, warmly refute such insinuations, and urge the necessity of complete harmony between the two nations. While disliking the prospect of a Turkish force in Egypt the French seem still more opposed to an Anglo-French occupation of the country. Not only do they recognise the danger of collision under such circumstances, but they have too many colonial problems to solve at present to undertake further operations. As the cold weather draws near the Tunisian tribes gradually become more aggressive. The French force at Zaghouan, which has been endangered for some time, has at last been attacked, and as all communications are cut no news of the result can be obtained. A column trying to reinforce the Zaghouan camp was, however, repulsed by the Arabs—a sign, it is feared, that the victory does not lie with the French. Meanwhile the Arabs have entirely destroyed the canal which supplies Tunis with water, so that a water famine is feared; while minor skirmishes are constantly occurring throughout the province. Susa has been quietly occupied by the French, but there is much excitement beyond the town, and the natives manage to keep Colonel Corréard's Kairouan column short of provisions and transport. In Tunis itself the Premier, Mustapha Pasha, has been virtually disgraced, and shortly leaves for France, his place being taken by a former predecessor.—As yet there is little stirring in ALGERIA, where the troops are waiting for October before undertaking movements of any importance. Great suffering has been caused by the forest fires in Constantine, while it is evident that there is a good deal of sickness, for the French authorities have appealed for a supply of doctors for home military service, as so many have been sent to Algeria. The Spanish claims for damages during the late disturbances in Oran are to be complied with after all.

Returning to France proper, it has been officially announced that the commercial negotiations with England will be resumed in Paris next Monday, the French Government having conceded the disputed point respecting the prolongation of the existing treaty for three months, from Nov. 8th. M. Gambetta is ruralising at Ville d'Avray, the provinces are busy unveiling statues to various notabilities—one at Boulogne to Frédéric Sauvage, who first introduced the practical use of the screw, another at Palaiseau to Barra, the lad of thirteen who charged at the head of the Vendéan cavalry during the first Revolution; while in PARIS the Electrical Congress opened on Thursday, and the famous old fairy piece of the *Biche au Bois* has been splendidly revived at the Porte St. Martin.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—While the Sultan has been conferring with the Ministers and Mr. Malet on Egyptian affairs, the publication of all information respecting the late crisis has been strictly prohibited in Constantinople, which has had to content itself with reports of the doings of the Financial Commission. The delegates are now the doings of the Galata bankers for the formation of an Administrative Council, in the stead of the present Bankers' Council, to manage the revenues produced by the indirect taxes. Considerable difficulties have been aroused by the Ottoman Commissioners bringing forward the Russian indemnity claim and the question of the Turkish floating debt, which Mr. Bourke firmly refuses to take into consideration. Accordingly these propositions have been referred back to the Sultan, at whose special desire they were introduced.

The Greeks continue gradually to take quiet possession of their new territory, where they are generally received with enthusiasm. Brigandage on the frontier, however, is becoming very serious.

GERMANY AND RUSSIA.—Emperor William and Czar Alexander duly met last week at Dantzig, and the interview has apparently given great satisfaction to all parties. The Czar's arrival was delayed by fog, much to Emperor William's anxiety, but his yacht at last appeared, and the German Emperor, with the Crown Prince, Prince Bismarck, and other dignitaries, went out to meet him off Neufahrwasser in the *Hohenzollern*. The Emperors greeted each other most affectionately, and after a two hours' conversation on board the German yacht they drove through Dantzig, which was gay with flags and enthusiastic crowds, to the old Palace of the Artushof, where they dined, the Czar re-embarking immediately afterwards. To the last all plans were kept strictly secret, and the *North German Gazette* justifies its denial that Dantzig had been chosen as the place of meeting, which it says was necessary, owing to the activity of the international "band of assassins." Public opinion is well nigh unanimous in regarding the interview as a proof of a firm Russo-German understanding, while it is also considered that the Czar was anxious for the opinion of Prince Bismarck on the internal affairs of the Russian Empire. AUSTRIA, desirous to disclaim any appearance of jealousy, has sent a Note to the German Foreign Office, expressing its satisfaction with the interview, while Russia has despatched a circular to the same effect to its representatives abroad, and it is noticeable that the prominent German and Russian organs alike declare that the late meeting properly supplements the recent Austro-German meeting, and that the *rapprochement* of the three Empires is of the closest and most peaceful character. The Czar's reappearance in public has produced a good effect in his own dominions, especially as he also came with the Empress to St. Petersburg on Tuesday to attend the Mass for his late father. He has now planned a considerable reduction in the army, and 20,000 recruits fewer than usual will be levied this year.

To return, however, to Germany. The Emperor did not attend the cavalry movements at Konitz after all, but was present at the Schleswig-Holstein manoeuvres, and at the end of the week goes to Karlsruhe for his grand-daughter's wedding. The German Legation at the Vatican is to be re-established immediately the Prussian Diet have voted the necessary funds, and the future Minister, Herr von Schlötzer, has been for some time in Rome, where he has had several interviews with the Pope, said to be eminently satisfactory.—The International Congress of Orientalists is now sitting at Berlin.

SWITZERLAND.—The past summer has been most disastrous throughout the country. Burnt up at first by heat and drought, then devastated by inundations, Switzerland is now suffering from landslips. The village of Reichenbach, in the Bernese Oberland, has been nearly destroyed by a fall of rock, and on Sunday, Elm, in Canton Glarus, was almost overwhelmed by a similar avalanche. Signs of danger had been noticed, and the inhabitants had called in an engineer, when the mountain side gave way, crushing fifty houses; and while the villagers were trying to rescue the wounded, a second fall completed the catastrophe, some two hundred persons being killed, about one-fifth of the population. Further disasters are feared, as the mountain appears in a very dangerous condition. This is the most serious landslip known in Switzerland since that at Goldau, on the Lake of Lucerne, in 1806. Elm is situated on the highest point of the pass between Glarus and the Vorder Rhein, and is so overhung by mountains that it is said the sun can only reach it for six months in the year. For some days past also the hill-side has been gradually sliding down at Leisigen, on the Lake of Thun, while at Krithal, in Canton Basle, a wood has slipped down bodily into some meadows, where it stands as if it had grown there. The floods are somewhat subsiding, after doing much damage in Canton Berne, where houses and bridges have been swept away, and many persons rendered homeless. Part of the town of Berne is under water.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—News of a battle between Ayoub and Abdurrahman is hourly expected, as firing was heard in the direction of Candahar on Saturday and Sunday, while, having rejected Ayoub's peace proposals, the Ameer had encamped on Saturday at Band-i-Lakireh, eight miles from Candahar. He was accompanied by 5,000 Regulars, and a strong Irregular force of Ghilzais, whose support he gained by turning the old Ghilzai-Durani feud to his advantage, and representing Ayoub's late success as a Durani victory securing the triumph of the latter's supremacy at Candahar. This statement, however, soon got wind, and influenced the Duranis to abandon their indifferent attitude, and throw in their lot with Ayoub.

The Zakha Khels in the Khyber have made a fresh cattle raid, and though unsuccessful, are biding their time for a second attempt.

UNITED STATES.—President Garfield continues to progress fairly well, although his physicians are rather anxious about the condition of his right lung. Both his wound, however, and the swelling of the parotid gland are nearly healed, while he eats and sleeps better, and on Tuesday sat up for over half an hour in an arm-chair. He is beginning also to show more interest in public business, and has had interviews with several officials. Meanwhile his assassin Guiteau has had a narrow escape of lynching. For some time past his guards have been suspected of evil intentions, and having drawn lots for the service, on Sunday night Sergeant Mason fired into the cell, the bullet lodging just above Guiteau's head. Mason has been imprisoned, but will hardly be severely punished in the present temper of the Americans. As to Guiteau, he lives in abject terror, and has now been removed to a cell which cannot be reached from outside.

Melancholy accounts come of the suffering caused by the late forest fires in Michigan. Owing to the severe heat—which has caused extraordinary phenomena in different parts of the country, the atmosphere being so dark and smoky that many persons believed the end of the world had come, and one sect even put on their "Ascension Day Robes" in readiness—the conflagration spread fearfully over a newly settled tract of country. Whole townships are destroyed, some 10,000 persons are homeless, and the loss of life is estimated at 500, dead bodies being found in all directions.—In the same State the steamer *Columbia* has been wrecked by a gale on Lake Michigan, fifteen persons being drowned.—A band of brigands stopped a train near Independence, Missouri, and finding very little cash in the strong-box, robbed the passengers, and made off in safety. Several of the thieves have since been captured.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In ITALY the Pope seems anxious to avoid further complications with the Government, as he has postponed the Italian Pilgrimage fixed for the 25th inst. in connection with the Papal Jubilee until after the coming celebration of the anniversary

of the Italian Occupation of Rome and the Plébiscite, lest any collision should occur between Clericals and Liberals. The King and Queen have been present at the opening of the Geographical Congress at Venice; earthquakes have occurred in the Neapolitan provinces, and the German Consul at Leghorn has been robbed and severely handled while travelling at night in the express to Turin, apparently by one of the railway officials.—Famine is said to threaten a great part of ZULULAND, owing to the late heavy rains.—More conciliatory dispositions prevail in the TRANSVAAL, and a large Boer meeting at Pretoria has pronounced in favour of the Volksraad ratifying the Convention with England, recommending that the past should be buried.—Like her Republican neighbour, CANADA is suffering greatly from forest fires.



ALL the members of the Royal Family, except the Princess Louise, are now in the Highlands. The Queen has with her at Balmoral the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold; the Prince and Princess of Wales with their three daughters and the Duke of Cambridge are at Abergeldie; and Prince and Princess Christian are still visiting in Scotland. Her Majesty daily makes long excursions with the Duchesses of Edinburgh and Connaught, the Royal party having driven through Castleton and round the Lion's Face on Saturday, while on Monday they visited the Linn of Dee and the Falls of Quich. Meanwhile the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught go out shooting, and joined the Prince of Wales at a deer-drive in Abergeldie Forest on Saturday. On Sunday morning Divine Service was performed at Balmoral before the Queen and the Royal Family by the Rev. Donald M'Leod, who with Lord Carlingford subsequently dined with Her Majesty. On Tuesday Her Majesty and the Duchesses drove to Abergeldie, and subsequently to the Glassalt Shiel, while the Dukes accompanied the Prince of Wales to a deer drive in Birkhall Woods. The Queen will remain at Balmoral until the middle of November.

The Prince and Princess of Wales with their daughters will spend about a month at Abergeldie, and during their stay will visit the Earl of Fife at Mar Lodge, where the best portion of the adjoining deer forest has been specially reserved to afford the Prince good sport. The Prince and Princess arrived in Scotland from Liverpool at the end of last week, being greatly pleased with their visit, while on their way North they received a hearty welcome at Perth, where they stopped to breakfast.

The Crown Princess of Germany spent a few days in Paris last week, preserving the strictest *incognito*. Immediately after returning to Berlin she accompanied the Emperor and Crown Prince to the Schleswig army manoeuvres. Prince Henry, second son of the Crown Prince and Princess, has been decorated with the Order of the Bath.—The King of the Sandwich Islands left England on Tuesday for New York on his way home. Before his departure King Kalakaua visited Edinburgh, and spent from Saturday to Monday with Sir T. Hesketh at Rufford Hall.

Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, uncle to the King of Holland, and brother-in-law of Emperor William of Germany, has died at the Hague at the age of eighty-four. Prince Frederick was present at the Battle of Waterloo.—The King and Queen of Denmark have returned to Copenhagen from visiting the Russian Imperial Family at Peterhof. They were accompanied out of Cronstadt by the Empress and the Czarevitch, who subsequently met the Czar on his return from Dantzig.—The King and Queen of Sweden, with the Crown Prince and their sons, are expected at Karlsruhe on Monday in readiness for the wedding festivities, and will spend a few days at Frankfurt on their way.



CHURCH PATRONAGE IN SOUTHWARK.—The parishioners of St. Saviour's, Southwark, held a meeting on Monday, at which, after a rather stormy discussion, it was agreed to appoint a Committee to consider the scheme, recently suggested by the Bishop of Rochester, for the abolition of the church rate and the placing of the living under his patronage.

THE BISHOPRIC OF BARBADOES is vacant by the resignation of Dr. Mitchenson, who becomes Rector of Sibstone, Leicestershire. The Primate and the Bishops of London and Winchester, upon whom devolve the choice of a successor, have offered the see to the Rev. D. F. Sandford, Incumbent of St. John's, Edinburgh.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE UNITY OF CHRISTENDOM celebrated its anniversary on Thursday last week by holding a choral service at St. Thomas's, Regent Street.

THE REV. DR. MANNING, who had been for twenty years the chief editor of the Religious Tract Society, died on Tuesday at the age of fifty-nine.

MISSION SERVICES AT THE VICTORIA MUSIC HALL.—The first of the winter series of special Sunday evening services at this hall was held last Sunday, when the Bishop of Rochester preached to a large congregation. The Committee have engaged the hall for Sunday evenings for three years; and, in the hope of attracting those who are not in the habit of attending any place of worship, have obtained permission from a number of large employers for their agents to visit the factories and workshops to converse with the employees on the subject. The preachers up to Christmas will be the Rev. J. W. Marshall, the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle, the Rev. W. Barker (Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen), the Rev. C. E. Brooke, the Rev. N. Dawes, the Rev. C. H. Grundy, the Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, Canon Farrar, the Rev. C. H. Banning, the Rev. Edgar Jacob, Canon Richardson, the Rev. Harvey Brooks, the Rev. G. T. Palmer, the Rev. S. Sturges, and the Rev. J. W. Horsley. On each evening a layman will also address the congregation.

THE METHODIST ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE has continued its deliberations during the week, the meetings being opened on each day with devotional exercises. On Thursday last week the Rev. W. Cooke read a paper inculcating the grateful recognition of the hand of God in the "Origin and Progress of Methodism." An essay on "Statistical Results" was contributed by the Rev. A. Edwards, D.D., of Chicago; the Rev. M. C. Osborn entered into the statistics of British Methodism; and two other subjects were discussed, "Methodism as a Purifying and Elevating Power," and "The Influence of Methodism on other Religious Bodies, and the Extent to which it has been Modified by them."—On Friday the chief topic was the "Evangelical Agencies of Methodism." There were interesting debates on the advantages and the disadvantages attending the "Itinerant Ministry" and on "Lay Preachers," perhaps the most notable speech of the day being that delivered by Mr. Waddy, Q.C., who is himself a lay preacher. In the afternoon the subjects

were "Women, and their Work in Methodism," and "Scriptural Holiness," and the special fitness of Methodism to promote it. On Saturday the Rev. J. Wood spoke eloquently of the importance of the "Training of Children in Christian Homes," and referred to the fact that John Wesley had been admitted by his father to the Sacrament at the age of eight. Another paper was on "The Training of Children in the Sunday School and Church," the writer of which claimed for the Sunday scholars a special and distinct recognition in the religious services—prayer, praise, and preaching being adapted to their capacities. In the afternoon Mr. Sheriff Waterlow laid the memorial stone of a new Wesleyan church at Willesden Junction, in the presence of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and a number of the delegates to the Congress. On Monday a paper was read on "Methodism and the Lord's Day," in which it was pointed out that Methodists had always zealously co-operated with the Lord's Day Observance Society and the Lord's Day Rest Association. "The Relation of Methodism to the Temperance Movement," "Juvenile Temperance Organisations, and their Promotion through the Sunday School and Church," and "Civil Measures to Suppress Intemperance, and the Relation of the Church to such Movements," were also dealt with. On Tuesday "The Possible Perils of Methodism" were discussed. Some speakers thought that the "gorgeous worship and seductive theology of Rome and Oxford" were dangerous to the young, who were imbued with the growing aestheticism of the age, and the remedy suggested was instruction in Church history and in the unsacerdotal theology of the New Testament. Another peril, Modern Scepticism, was declared to be "baldly and boldly atheistic," and was traced to "spiritual darkness, perversity of will, and depravity of heart." One speaker recommended ministers to acquire as complete a knowledge of sceptical developments as possible, but to say as little as possible about them in their pulpits; another pointed out the necessity for keeping abreast of current scientific teaching, and recommended that candidates for the ministry should be put through a course of physical science; whilst a third (the Rev. Hugh Gilmore), called attention to a peril which no one had yet mentioned—viz., the "amazing complacency with which they regarded their own orthodoxy and the fulness of their creed," and stated that his intimate acquaintance with working men in the North of England had taught him that the uncharitable temper displayed by Christian people in talking of intellectual difficulties regarding religious questions had tended to estrange them more and more. In the afternoon the subject was "Dangers to Methodism from Formality, Worldliness, and Improper Amusement." Fashionable entertainments, extravagance in furniture and dress, dancing, card-playing, theatrical performances, and semi-dramatic entertainments in drawing-rooms and school-rooms were all unsparingly condemned, one speaker affirming that, though not wrong in themselves, their influence was "injurious to the soul."—At the reopening of the Conference on Wednesday the Rev. W. Gibbons made an earnest appeal to English and American Methodists to assist the Methodist Missions in France. The regular business began with a paper on "The Higher Education Required by the Necessities of the Church," the reader of which recommended a more careful study of the Greek Testament and of science, and especially the higher education of women, believing that well-educated women would heighten the standard and character of man. The other subjects of the day were "The Duty of the Church to Maintain Schools which are Christian in their Influence and Character," and the "Education and Special Training of Ministers in Theological Schools, and while engaged in Pastoral Work." On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evening meetings in connection with the Conference were held in Exeter Hall for the delivery of addresses on the present condition and future prospects of Methodism in various parts of the world; and on Thursday for the reception of deputations from other Evangelical Churches; whilst for Friday (yesterday) invitations have been issued by Mr. W. Mewburn, of Banbury, to about 100 of the leading foreign delegates to a dinner at the Cannon Street Hotel to meet the Lord Mayor and a large company of English Methodists.

A RED INDIAN PREACHER, the Rev. H. Sayers, whose father was a Mohawk, and whose mother was a Cherokee, delivered an address on Tuesday before the members of the Young Men's Christian Association. Speaking in defence of his own race he said that an Indian child was always taught to speak the truth, to be firm and true to parents and friends, ever ready for the post of duty, and to pray to the Great Spirit to bless him in all his works and ways. The Indian never waged war and never scalped his enemy without being first satisfied that the Great Spirit approved the deed, and that his act was justified. Mr. Sayer ridiculed the idea that the red man was incapable of civilisation. If properly treated in a humane Christian spirit they would soon put off their animals' skins and feathers for the fashions of civilised life, would bury the tomahawk, cease scalping, take up the Bible, and commence a new life of Christianity and civilisation.



WORCESTER FESTIVAL.—Whatever may be the financial results of this festival, in so far as concerns the guarantors, or responsible stewards (and these are not as yet finally made out), it is satisfactory to know that the contributions to the charity for the widows and orphans will, it is hoped, considerably exceed 1,000/. With regard to the programmes, sacred and secular, at the Cathedral and College Hall, but one opinion prevails, and that opinion is decidedly in their favour. In addition to the production of two new compositions from English pens, and the great classical works by Handel, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, which are and must remain essential adjuncts until we get something as good, or better, to take their place—of which at present there is but a forlorn hope—two incidents stood out from among the rest worthy of long remembrance. These were the production of Cherubini's glorious Mass in D minor and one of the symphonies of Beethoven, for the first time in a cathedral. The performance of Cherubini's work, with Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Herr Henschel as leading singers, was striking and effective from beginning to end, the chorus and orchestra being roused to unusual enthusiasm. The Mass created a profound and indelible impression. So did the Beethoven symphony—the magnificent C minor—which, by unanimous consent, was found in all respects worthy to occupy the position assigned to it, and the effect of a remarkably fine execution of which, under such conditions, sanctioned the judgment of those who had shown the courage to suggest that it should be included at a morning, instead of an evening, performance—in the church rather than in the concert-room.

WAIFS.—Among the five compositions sent in this year for the Michael Beer prize at Berlin, not one being considered up to the standard of excellence, the *honourarium* was not awarded. Michael Beer was the brother of Jacob Meyer Beer (Meyerbeer).—A comic opera entitled *Der Dukshitel*, from the pen of Anton Dvorak, the Czech composer now so much in vogue, is to be produced at the Ringtheater, Vienna. The director of the Imperial Opera House in that city intends to discontinue Italian opera in May, and to substitute a series of model German performances—no more "Wagnerian cycles," it is to be hoped. At the An der Wien (for

which Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* was written) two new operas, in the "buffo" style of course, by Charles Lecocq, composer of the *Fille de Madame Angot*, are to be given during the ensuing season.—Herr Joseph Joachim and Madame Joachim, we are informed, are the happy parents of a new-born child (their sixth—a girl), who was lately christened at Aigen, near Salzburg, where Herr Joachim has a residence. Their return to Berlin is expected immediately.—The Meiningen Company are fulfilling a month's engagement at the Stadttheater in Breslau.—A new Art journal, *El Mundo Artístico*, has been started in Buenos Ayres.—The Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie has reopened for the season with *Les Huguenots*.—The still popular tenor, Signor Tamberlik, has been recently at Trouville.—It is now stated that Signor Faccio's deputy as conductor at the Scala, Milan, during his stay at Barcelona, will be Signor Coronaro.—Another new theatre is being erected at Vigo (Spain).—A memorial stone to the famous Italian church composer, Benedetto Marcello, has been placed in the Piazza St. Giuseppe, Brescia.—Mrs. Osgood returns to America next month to fulfil various engagements at New York, Boston, &c.—We read in the American papers that Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, has visited professionally 442 towns and travelled 40,000 miles since his arrival in the United States (!).—It is stated that the name of the Teatro Valla in Rome will be hereafter changed for Teatro Pietro Cossa, in honour of the eminent author lately deceased.—A very interesting series of papers on the life and art-work of Cherubini, from the well-known and experienced pen of M. Arthur Pougin, is being published, week by week, in the pages of our respected contemporary, *Le Ménestrel*. They will repay the attentive perusal of all admirers of the great Florentine master.—A new opera by M. Ernest Guirano, whose *Piccolino* hardly achieved the generally-looked-for success, when an English adaptation of it was produced by Mr. Carl Rosa, is in rapid preparation at the Opéra Comique. The proposed title is *Galante Aventure*; but that may be changed at the eleventh hour. The part of the heroine is allotted to Madame Nicot (formerly Mdle. Bilhaut-Vauchelot), who now shares, with Mdle. Marie Vanzandt, the supreme favour of M. Carvalho's constant supporters.



LORD JUSTICE BRAMWELL is about to retire from the Bench. His age is seventy-three, and though not the oldest judge in years, he is so in the duration of his tenure of office, having been created a Baron of the Exchequer in 1856.

PRISON LABOUR.—A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests that we should utilise prison labour by transforming it into electric energy. The plan would be to connect the treadmill with a Gramme machine and that again with a Faure accumulator.

THE WELSH SUNDAY CLOSING ACT still lacks authoritative interpretation. At Brecon, summonses against a number of publicans have been dismissed by the magistrate for the technical reason that they had not received a copy of the Act, while at Cardiff the Watch Committee decline to instruct the police until the meaning of the Act is defined. At Dowlais and Pembroke the publicans have determined to open on Sunday until next transfer day, October 10th.

CRIME IN IRELAND.—The criminal and judicial statistics of Ireland for 1880 have just been issued as a Blue Book. The number of indictable offences had risen from 6,261 in 1876 to 8,607 in 1880. There were no fewer than 1,876 cases of intimidation, whilst in England during the same period there were but three cases, and in Scotland only one. The number of malicious offences against property was also excessive, being 1,133, as compared with 88 in England and 149 in Scotland. In the offences punishable by summary conviction only, the Irish figures also come out very unfavourably, the number (187,967) being more than the English (103,705) and Scotch (71,736) figures added together. This great excess rests on three figures: punishable drunkenness 48,397 in excess of the English figure, road and way offences, 24,591; and unclassified offences, 19,397. In Ireland there are 14 criminals to every 21 police; in England 33 criminals to 13 police.

THE SALE OF POISONS.—The Birmingham Chemists' and Druggists' Association the other day prosecuted a tradesman of Chester for selling poison without labelling the bottle "Poison." It was shown that the defendant, not being a registered chemist and druggist, was not qualified to retail poisons; but, as he pleaded that the offence complained of was not his own act but that of his assistant, whom he had frequently cautioned not to supply poisons, the magistrates imposed only a fine of 10s. without costs.

SCHOOL-BOARD TEACHERS will do well to watch the case of one of their fraternity at Bradford, who has been committed for trial for the manslaughter of a girl of twelve years of age, who has died from inflammation of the brain, caused, as is alleged, by his having struck her on the head with a ruler because she failed to work out a sum correctly.

THE RECENT FENIAN OUTRAGE AT LIVERPOOL.—At the last weekly parade of the Liverpool police, the money rewards allotted to those engaged in the arrest of the Fenian miscreants who lately attempted to blow up the Town Hall were presented. Read and Casey received 50/. each; Creighton, M'Burney, and Sinclair, 25/. each; and the Detective Inspectors, Boyd and Marsh, 10/. and 7/. respectively. Besides these amounts, the sum of 48/. 10s., received from the *Globe* newspaper and other contributors, was divided amongst the men; and awards were also made to the cabman who first saw the men placing the explosive package on the Town Hall steps, and to the two carmen who assisted in their capture.—The young man who was charged with sending a threatening letter to a witness for the Crown in the case of the two Fenians convicted of attempting to blow up the Town Hall, has been acquitted, there being no evidence against him except that of experts in writing.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE has been brought against a London money-lender for assault and battery and obtaining money by false pretences. The prosecutor, who has obtained the summons he applied for, alleges that he applied to the defendant for a loan, and was not only mulcted of 10s. as an "inquiry fee," but subsequently, when his application was refused, was compelled to pay 2/. 2s. for "legal expenses," being threatened with personal violence and committed to prison on a warrant if he declined to do so. The magistrate in granting process, so that the whole affair might be investigated, said that he had often heard of money-lenders' tricks, but never before of them threatening to make out a warrant and commit the would-be borrower to prison. It was worse than demanding cent. per cent., but he could not understand how the man could be so foolish as to part with his money.—Another money-lender at Leeds, who attempted to enforce repayment of a loan by threatening the debtor with a revolver, has been bound over in heavy sureties to keep the peace for twelve months.

A VALUABLE MAGAZINE ARTICLE.—In the Chancery Division the other day, a gentleman named Hudson applied for an injunction to restrain the publication of the *Burlington Magazine* containing an article of his, entitled "The Convict Prisons in 1880," which he said had been published without his permission. For the defence it was alleged that the article had been sent in print to the plaintiff,

who had corrected it and returned it to the editor; and it was contended that this was sufficient authorisation for its publication. The plaintiff said he would be satisfied if a sum of 300/. were paid into Court, but the judge thought this a large sum to pay for a magazine article, and eventually it was arranged that the matter should stand over, an account being kept of the number of copies sold.

THE WILBERFORCE CASE.—The trial of Miss Mabel Wilberforce for perjury has been postponed until next Session. She pleaded hard to be allowed to go home in custody of an officer to obtain some papers which she required, urging that as the law of the Medes and Persians had once been altered for a woman (Queen Esther), so she being a woman might claim so small an indulgence even against our law. Mr. Justice Lopes was, however, inexorable.

MR. LEDRU ROLLIN REYNOLDS, who stands committed for trial on a charge of fraudulently starting the "Silver Valley Mining Company," appears to have been a very energetic and enterprising man of business. Amongst the many undertakings with which he was connected were the Industrial Bank, of which he was manager, and the Working Men's Mutual Society (Limited), of which he was secretary. Both of these companies, which are now in liquidation, had offices at 2, Finsbury Square, but neither had any directors, whilst the bulk of the shares in each were held by seven persons, whose addresses were given at the offices. The capital of the Bank was 25,000/., and that of the Mutual Society 2,000/. These facts were revealed the other day at the hearing of twenty-six summonses which had been issued against the Bank and the Society, as well as against Reynolds himself, for certain breaches of the Companies' Acts in respect to registration, and affording facilities for examination of the register. It was ultimately decided to withdraw the summonses against the Companies, as they were about to be wound up, but those against Reynolds were adjourned for a month.

THE EATING-HOUSE TRICK.—A man who described himself as a "theologian," and who is said to be a well-known eating-house swindler, has just been sentenced to a month's hard labour for fraudulently consuming food for which he was unable to pay.—Another man, who was sued in the City of London Court for payment for dinners supplied at various times, pleaded "infancy," in proof of which he handed in a vaccination certificate, and that he was "obfuscated" at the times he gave the several orders; and it was stated that he had audaciously declared that it would take forty judges to make him "stump up." He was, however, ordered to pay, and told that he might appeal for a new trial if he could establish his plea of infancy.

A MILITARY RIOT took place at Dover on Monday between some men of the 31st and 55th Regiments. The garrison sports had just been held, and the quarrel originated in a dispute as to the comparative merits of two men, one belonging to each of the above-named corps. Words led to blows, and at last about 200 men engaged in a free fight, stones and other missiles being freely used, and several men being badly hurt. The guard was called out, but had to be reinforced before it could quell the disturbance. The offenders will, of course, be tried by a court-martial; and, meanwhile, General Newdigate has ordered that in future the garrison sports shall take place on the parade ground at the Castle, instead of on the Western Heights.

ATTEMPT TO BURN DOWN AN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.—Eight boys, whose ages range from eleven to fifteen years, are now in custody on remand, charged with having conspired to burn down the St. Paul's Industrial School at Mile End, of which they were inmates. The attempt was made early on Wednesday morning last week, when the master, after getting all the boys out of bed, and marching them into the yard, made an examination of the building, and found that three distinct fires had been made beneath the flooring of the kitchen, which was full of smoke. The flames were fortunately extinguished before much damage had been done, and a statement made by one of the boys concerned led to the whole batch being charged. The prosecution is to be taken up by the Public Prosecutor.



HORSES.—The use of shoes has been attacked, and now blinkers are being denounced. The Rev. J. G. Wood thinks they should be done away with altogether. The horses employed on the Midland Railway certainly wear no blinkers, yet the screaming whistles, puffing engines, waving flags, and rushing men would seem enough to scare any horse. Mr. Wood remarks that, to be consistent, the horses' ears ought to be furnished with stoppers to shut out all alarming sounds. That blinkers protect the eyes from a whip is no excuse, for no proper driver hits his horse about the head. The horse, it must be remembered, is naturally easily alarmed, though whether blinkers do not add to nervous fear may well be questioned.

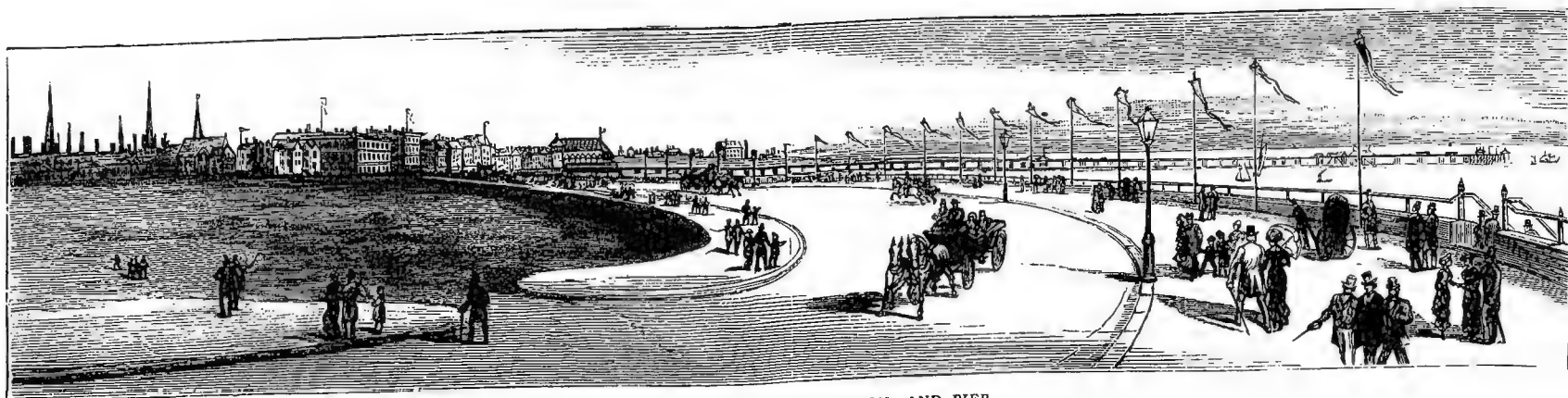
POTATOES.—The growing importance of this crop has been calling forth a number of useful suggestions. One of Mr. Howard's we noticed last week; we have now to note the opinion of Mr. Shirley Hibberd. This expert recommends the tile system. He says: "The peculiar value of the tile is that it ensures to the roots of the plant warmth and dryness, the trifling air-space beneath the tile tending to prevent any sudden lowering of the temperature as well as any lodgment of water. It is likely that many persons will make trial of autumn plantings, and I would suggest that in every case a few rows should be put on cheap tiles, or even on waste slate or stone or brick; the hard bed being made on the level, and the earth to cover the seed being taken from between the rows."

THE EARL OF JERSEY ON AGRICULTURE.—Speaking at Bicester the other day, the Earl of Jersey said that landlords should help farmers to free agriculture. The landlord could provide that the tenant should feel secure in the investment of his money on the soil, so that he need not fear to lose it all in case he wished to leave. In his opinion these matters needed very careful adjustment, and it was better that they should be arrived at by mutual agreement. Even these times would not have been so evil if they taught landlords to become more acquainted with the necessities of their estates.

SUNDAY WORK AND SHOWERY WEATHER.—The question of Sunday harvesting has been brought to the fore by the "catchy" weather of August. In fine seasons there can be little doubt that at no time is the Sunday rest more grateful and more needed than at that harvest period, when six days of the week are spent in work from 6 A.M. to 8 P.M., and when even the "idler sort" are stirred to real labour by "harvest wages." But in weather when "hands" are idle for hours, and even days, together, the question assumes a different aspect. The Divine saying that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath was meant to include that deeper sense of gratitude with which man welcomes a needed rest. For a farmer to go to church regretful of lost opportunity of saving the "kindly fruits of the earth" robs the proffered prayer and praise of all value.

THE WASTE LANDS of the United Kingdom cover 31,861,040 acres, 9,551,616 acres of which are in England, 4,747,371 in Ireland, 15,226,110 in Scotland, 2,230,840 in Wales, and 105,103 in the Channel Islands. Of this great area, about 11,861,010 acres

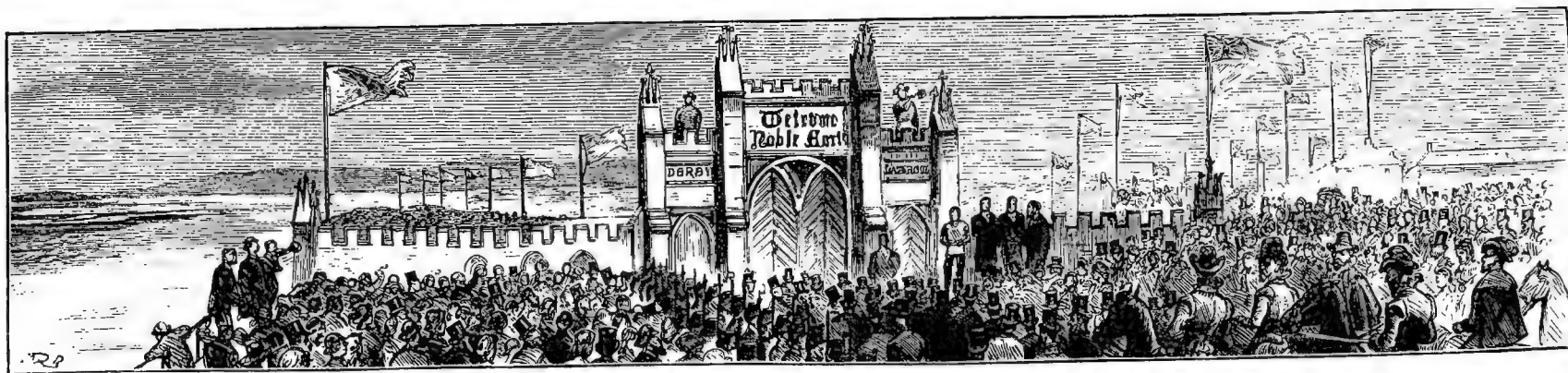
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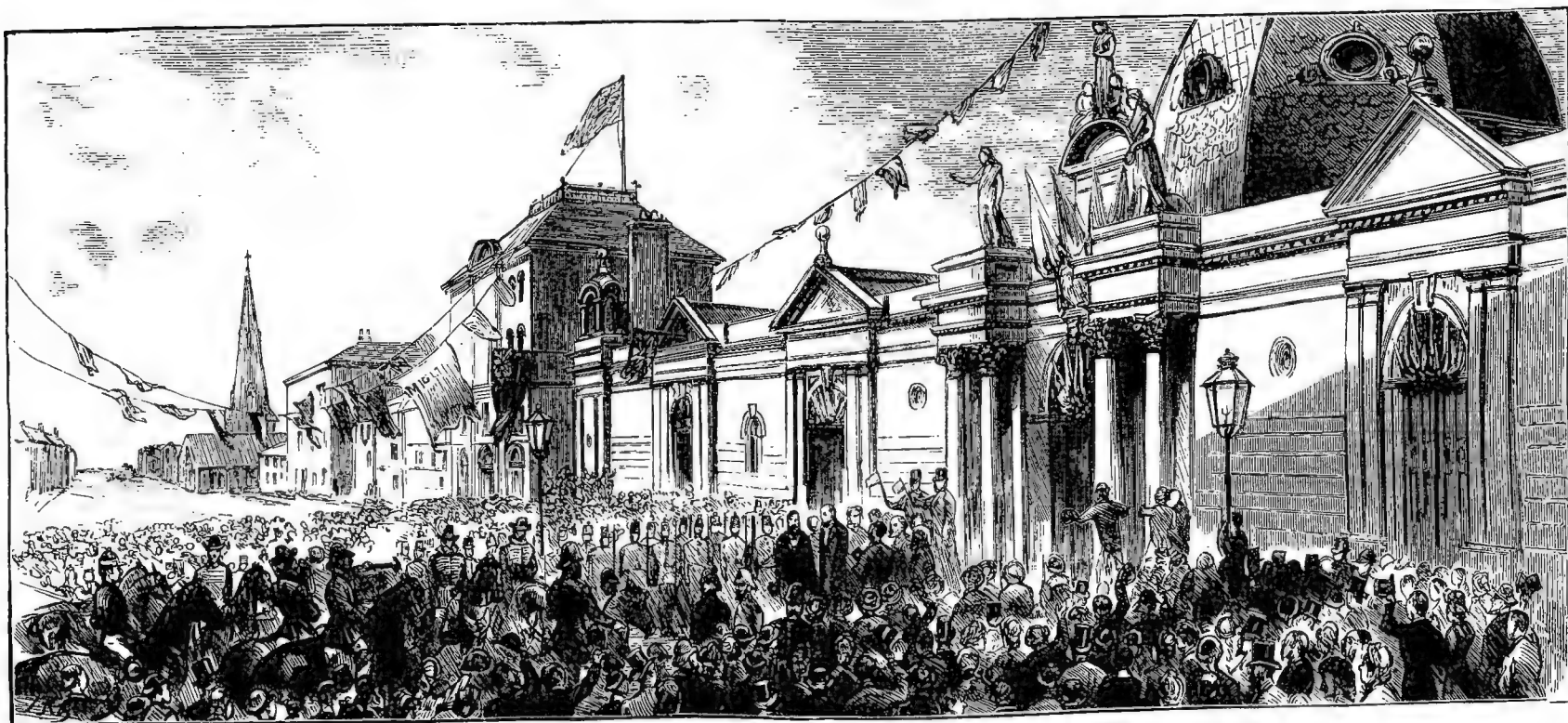
THE NEW PROMENADE EXTENSION, AND PIER



IN THE NEW MARKET—OLD ENGLISH COSTUMES



THE EARL OF LATHOM RECEIVING THE SILVER KEY OF THE NEW PROMENADE



OUTSIDE THE NEW MARKET—THE EARL OF DERBY SPEAKING

OPENING OF NEW PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS AT SOUTHPORT



"REJECTED"

FROM THE PICTURE BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., EXHIBITED AT THOS. M'LEAN'S GALLERY

BRIGHTON FORTY YEARS AGO

PEOPLE who only know "London-super-Mare" as it now is, with its long vista of streets springing up like mushrooms, and extending westward towards Shoreham, and its broad expanse of verdure (sun and wind permitting) forming a pleasant oasis for the inhabitants of that patrician quarter, would be somewhat surprised were they transported a few decades back to the period when Adelaide Crescent was the *ultima Thule* of this end of the town, and Hove a mean and thinly-populated suburb. In those days the tide of fashion flowed uninterruptedly eastward; Kemp Town, inaugurated and patronised by such notabilities as the late Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Bristol, and Lady Jane Peel, was in all its glory, and not one of the stately and fabulously-rented mansions, erected under the auspices of the tailor Nugee, was without its aristocratic tenant.

How are the mighty fallen! That once-favoured locality is now comparatively a desert; the majority of its sumptuous residences are either "to be let or sold," or converted into educational seminaries for the rising generation; while its brilliant equipages are democratically parodied by an occasional butcher's cart, or by the periodical transit of the railway omnibus.

I walked the other day the entire length of the East Cliff from the New Steyne to Arundel Terrace—no longer, alas! cheered by the presence of my old friend Harrison Ainsworth,—and although in the frontage facing the sea but little change is perceptible, yet those who remember the movement and animation of bygone years, the Sleepy Hollow-like quiet of the forsaken promenade offers as startling a contrast as would be felt by a Londoner suddenly transported from the bustle of Piccadilly to the staid solemnity of Wimpole Street.

When I first knew Brighton, steam had not yet annihilated distance, nor had the wildest flight of imagination anticipated the possible luxury of a Pullman car; visitors repairing thither were conveyed by Newman's blue-jacketed "boys," or modestly by the coach, steered by such amateur Jehus as Sir Vincent Cotton and other experienced gentlemen whips, who regaled the passengers with sandwiches and sherry, and pocketed their half-crowns at the end of the journey as a matter of course. The town was not then, as now, the "Saturday to Monday" resort of a floating population in quest of a breath of sea air; the main body of the inhabitants were permanent residents, who occupied the same houses from year to year, and formed an exclusive society of their own, into which, as a rule, strangers were by no means promiscuously admitted. The facilities of railway travelling, and the migratory habits resulting therefrom, have naturally put an end to this state of things; and at the present day few, save those debarred by professional avocations or other causes from indulging in locomotion, ever think of prolonging their marine *villégiatura* for more than a month or two at a time. On the other hand, Brighton has become the favourite halting-place of birds of passage of every degree; and, as its prosperity has evidently not suffered from the metamorphosis, neither its inhabitants nor any one else have a right to complain.

Still, perhaps for the sake of old associations, I plead guilty to a lingering fondness for the unfashionable East Cliff, and love to people its solitude with many a well-remembered figure long since departed from among us. I fancy I see Horace Smith, with his friendly nod and genial smile, gently cantering in the direction of his home in Cavendish Place, and exchanging a salutation with Charles Young, who is leaning against the sea wall, and inhaling a provision of oxygen from the healthful breeze. At the window of the close carriage dashing by appears the familiar face of Harriet, Duchess of St. Alban's, possibly meditating on her forthcoming miscellaneous "gathering," Terpsichorean and vocal, destined to attract the flower of Brighton society to her *salons* in Regency Square; while in the wiry little man, hurrying along as if for a wager, I recognise the redoubtable champion of the billiard table, Jonathan Kentfield.

I own to a special liking for the now *rococo* Chain Pier, with its not (I fear) too prosperous vendors of polished agates and parti-coloured balls; and call to mind the time when the good steamer, the *Dart*, and its weather-beaten Captain Cheesman, used to call there, and land their cargo of pallid and sickly passengers from Dieppe on the way to Shoreham Harbour.

Newhaven then had not found its Columbus, nor had the fugitive Louis Philippe, *alias* Mr. Smith, honoured with his presence the hotel sitting-room; the former still vegetated in contented obscurity, and the latter placidly enjoyed the position of a monarch *qui règne, mais ne gouverne pas*. From the pier head, which on my last visit was occupied solely by an old gentleman wrapped up in a panoply of shawls and smoking his pipe, and myself, the best possible view of the mansion-lined cliff, Beachy Head, and Worthing is obtainable, and this alone is an inducement to linger there; you certainly meet fewer pretty faces and hear less fiddling than on the crowded planks of its modern rival; but *il y a compensation*—the excursionists to a man eschew the venerable structure, and 'Arry votes it "slow."

Very different, as far as the arrangements for the comfort of its frequenters are concerned, is the Brighton Theatre of to-day from what it was when I first remember it; and very deservedly does it prosper under the direction of that excellent cateress, Mrs. Nye Chart. My earliest recollections of this popular place of entertainment present to me a dingy interior, without even a single row of stalls between the pit and orchestra, and lamentably deficient in luxurious accommodation for the occupants of the boxes; the stock company, however, was invariably good, and a constant succession of "stars" in the winter season, with a capital pantomime at Christmas, usually enabled the manager—one of the countless Vining family—to record a balance in his favour at the end of the year. I have seen there at various periods Farren, Charles Kean and his wife, Helen Faucit, and Mrs. Walter Lacy, then known as "pretty merry Taylor," who played *Perfection* almost as well as Madame Vestris, and proved herself the most irresistible of orange vendors in Jerrold's *Nell Gwynne*. Among the "regulars" was a quaint low comedian of the name of Dodd, somewhat resembling glorious Jack Reeve in his style of acting, but whose roving propensities were so strongly developed that he never knew when he was well off; and whom I perfectly recollect years before attached to the Windsor Theatre, when we Eton lads used to resort thither on the sly, paying, I am ashamed to say, at the gallery door, and coolly sliding down into the boxes as soon as the curtain dropped.

A curious votary of the drama in those days was Lipscombe, a stage-struck hairdresser of St. James's Street, who, not contented with vaunting the excellence of his bear's grease in the advertising columns of every local paper, periodically displayed at the door of his shop a huge placard, conveying to the public the startling announcement that "another fine bear" had just been "slaughtered" on the premises; although how Bruin had contrived to get into them was a problem difficult of solution. This worthy candidate for Thespian honours occasionally figured, especially on benefit nights, at the theatre in the New Road; but his broad farcical humour was better adapted to the Shoreham Gardens, where he was so prodigious a favourite that no *fête* was considered complete without him.

At the time of which I write, when Madame Michau was the presiding Terpsichorean, and Martha Gunn the only recognised bathing woman of the place, the cricket-ground, called "Brown's" from its owner, one of the chief mainstays of the Sussex Eleven, was situated a little beyond what is still termed the "Level," in the immediate vicinity of the high road from London. Many a hard-

fought match have I witnessed on that secluded arena, long since built over, the toughest contests of all being those between Sussex and Kent, then the first cricketing counties in England. With the two Mynns, Fuller Pilch, Felix, Wenman, Adams, Hillyer, and Martingell on one side, and Lillywhite, Box, Dean, the brothers Napper, Hammond, and my fellow Etonian, Charles Taylor, on the other, no greater treat for a lover of the noble game could possibly be imagined; and I particularly recollect one of the very last matches against Kent played on this ground, in which Taylor, after completely mastering the bowling of Alfred Mynn and Hillyer, carried out his bat for the (then) enormous score of a hundred runs. Few of these athletes still remain among us, but I had the pleasure of recognising one of them not a month ago in the person of Mr. William (famously called "Billy") Napper, watching with intense interest the gallant stand made by two Sussex champions, Mr. Ellis and my old favourite Charlwood, against the Derbyshire bowling of Mr. Evans and Mycroft.

Certainly, the new cricket-ground, although somewhat bleak and unsheltered, is a decided improvement in every other respect on the comparatively limited space where Broadbridge, Brown, and old Lillywhite won their laurels; but, if I may judge from the scanty array of spectators assembled there on my last visit, it might and ought to be better supported.

But, amid all the changes inseparable from the "course of time," there still exists a link—and a notable one—connecting the Brighton of to-day with that of forty years back. Not the old-established hostelry, which proudly hold their own against the manifold attractions of the "Grand;" not Hannington's ever-flourishing emporium; not the blind man with his dog on the Marine Parade, both of whom must possess charmed lives, so marvellous is their longevity; but that appetising resort in the King's Road, whose hospitable portals are ever open to the wandering *gourmet*—in a word, Mutton's. Thrones may totter, Governments may rise or fall in popular estimation, but the vogue of this miniature temple of gastronomy still maintains its traditional *beau fixe*, and calmly reposes on a pinnacle of prosperity beyond which, like the lotus tree in Mahomet's Seventh Heaven, there is no passing. Of how many institutions can we say as much?

C. H.

ECCLESIASTICAL JACKDAWS

There is a bird, who, by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

COWPER.

HAVING closely studied for some years the manners and customs of one or two colonies of jackdaws on their respective church towers, not merely as members of the corvine family, but as birds which are largely concerned with and influenced by human joys and sorrows, we shall venture to draw a few rough outlines of their idiosyncrasy.

He who would study the jackdaw's character must rise early. Like some other people who dress in decent black, jackdaws are cunning hypocrites, and seldom show their natural traits when the bustle and stir of day prevails. But early in the morning they may be seen stalking about in the flower-gardens which surround the Minster on the look-out for mischief; or they resort to the kitchen-garden and tear up the tender peas; or, if the gardener has sown a plot with lettuces and radishes, they will scratch sedately amongst it, perhaps lulling their consciences with the notion that they are doing good by destroying insects, while actually carrying off the wooden labels for their nests. Occasionally a walker through the lanes, before the dews have left the hedge-roses, comes upon a pair gravely making love in the centre of the roadway; sometimes they frequent the street before the "George;" more often they are mischievously tearing the thatch off a stack, or marauding in a cottager's garden. Off they fly in disgust to the church towers when thus interrupted. The great central tower is the jackdaws' Alsatia. They cannot be shot at or plagued up there. It is true that the sexton occasionally makes a raid upon them, disgusted at the quantity of sticks which they bring in through the belfry windows, but nests are soon repaired in their own peculiarly rough fashion, and eggs easily replaced, and then over the tall elms in a few more days—

Nescio qua prater cubilibus altis,
Inter se foliis strepitant.

A charming abode is theirs, "Up above the world so high." Blue strips of sky gleam for them among the thick-foliaged elms of the manor house; overhead they bask in uninterrupted sunshine as they sit on the gargoyles, while all around lies a fair panorama of corn-fields and farms, over the smoke of the town, with white winding lanes and roads running over the hills, and, beyond all, peeps at the summer sea. Gray-headed and sagacious, no wonder that jackdaws love these airy perches, where, having got over most of their wickedness before breakfast, they sit like solemn hypocrites, and retire early to bed to be ready betimes for fresh villainy. Young birds of all kinds, game, eggs, and the like are much to their mind, and of course the earlier in the morning that they thus feast the less are they suspected. Who could malign those peaceful, philosophic birds, sitting all day long so peacefully round the spire?

Their year of plunder is slightly varied at the different seasons. Early in February—but not too early, like some of their foolish brethren down below them in the hedgerows—they are seen preening their feathers and giving a new polish to their rusty black suits. Then they begin carrying sticks to and fro with much clangour, and choosing mates. A jackdaw's love-making is a most absurd sight. Exactly on St. Valentine's Day they may be seen sitting close together in pairs all over the nooks and battlements of the tower. One pair invariably appropriates the back of the gilt weather-cock. They do not caw; do not obtrusively pay delicate attentions to each other; they simply look and mutely languish, conscious, perhaps, of the weakness to which, like some men and women down below, they are yielding. In due time the young are hatched, and then their parents take longer flights afield, and (as it is day time), assiduously occupy themselves in picking up wire-worms till they quite earn the farmer's good will. When the squabs are fledged the colony is very proud, and the parents give themselves airs of supreme importance as they indulge their noisy clamour, and wheel in preludes of sustained flight round the towers to encourage the young. After a little, when fine weather sets in about June and July, they emulate mankind, and desert their homes, taking the little ones down to the seaside, it is supposed, to introduce them to their country cousins in the cliffs, or strengthen their own digestion on a diet of mussels and dead fish. We shall never forget the disgust of two gray-headed patriarchs whom we once surprised at this time on the outskirts of town, and—*credite posteri!*—condescending to eat the garbage of a pigstye! It was like meeting two exquisites in Bond Street when all their kind had gone north to shoot grouse. As the long nights close in upon the more chilly days the jackdaws return, evidently dispirited, to their usual haunts. During winter they condescend in severe frost to come to an invalid's window next the churchyard, and be fed. But they despise crumbs, though it is fun occasionally to disperse the little birds which enjoy them. Should any humane person feed robins with a little meat, the jackdaws espy it from their strongholds, and come down at once. With them, as with the vulture, eyesight appears to be especially keen.

From their airy crockets ecclesiastical jackdaws are apt to be cynical on the little world below. They like funerals indeed, especially a pauper's funeral, "one of ourselves," as they may phrase it.

Death suits their habits of thought. A rich man's funeral, on the contrary, is positively distasteful to them; the nodding plumes of the hearse are too like scarecrows, and are a reflection on their own sable plumage. For themselves, like postboys and donkeys, they either never die or are never seen in death. Perhaps, when old, they emigrate to happy hunting-grounds of their own, or (dread thought) as with certain Indian tribes are devoured by their younger brethren. "In regions mild of calm and serene air," they rather despise weddings, though the jangle of the bells is pleasant. Comings of age, club feasts, and the like, which cause unwonted noise and excitement amongst men below, are not much to their mind. They frequently desert for the day on such occasions their beloved window-gardens in the towers, where wall-flowers, rue-leaved fern, and ceterach flourish, nest pellitory, which old women gather when they can for herb tea. The levity of the swallows and martins, which come in spring, and betray such indecorous delight at fine weather, is vulgar and low-bred in the eyes of our jackdaws, so to spite them they drag out their nests, and devour the young ones when they can find them. They like their brethren the rooks, and feed together on the hill pastures in amity with them, although the latter have not yet attained grey heads and the philosophic mind. Starlings, too, are little brothers to be patronised. Evolution will in due time elevate them in the scale of corvine being. They will then desert farmhouse eaves, aspire to the church towers, and be imbued with staid ecclesiastical ideas, instead of bustling about on the lawns for food in their present undignified manner. Some of the older jackdaws, mindful of Kingsley's theory in the "Water Babies," that trout once migrated, but, becoming lazy, have been punished by inability to go to the sea, profess to regard rooks as degraded members of the great crow family, disgracing their ancestry by living wholly in trees, and paying attention to husbandry instead of living the gay freebooter's life of a jackdaw. Legends current among the community tell of a grand bird, the raven, the head of the whole family, who dwells in the Scotch mountains, and is at war with every living thing. That is an ideal life to be looked up to, even by a jackdaw.

They view with approbation the grave and portly Canons walking in the Close beneath, but are as much disgusted at the nursemaids and perambulators as were the old Fellows of the Oxford Colleges, when married Fellows with encumbrances came into being. They caw as the old Vicar comes out of the study into his garden with a book under his arm. They reverence the old white-haired clerk too. The sexton is detestable. He once had revolutionary designs upon the whole community of jackdaws, but was withstood by the Vicar, who said, "Let them alone, they are older tenants here than we are." The choristers are even more abominable than other boys, always trying to get at nests and eggs. They have not quite made up their minds how to regard some recent innovations at a neighbouring church, such as acolytes and thurifers. *Prima facie*, these appear dangerous foes to the Establishment; yet they are said to be addicted to plain song and Gregorian tones, and these are old and respectable.

Needless to say these birds are intently ecclesiastical, and never condescend to look at the most inviting of meeting-houses. Some ill-natured small freebooters shoot them when they can. Contrast their conduct with the Vicar. He, too, good easy man, missed on one occasion several young ducklings. The jackdaws had been seen by his gardener intensely watching the old hen which hatched them, but the Vicar would not for a moment entertain a base suspicion of his sable friends. No; it was doubtless the rats; so a rat-catcher was ordered to expel these noxious vermin.

In politics the jackdaws of our church are of course Conservatives. They hate the Divorce Court, and, when once paired, are faithful partners for life. Their cynicism with regard to the Bird Bills is amusing; "let other birds use their wits, as we do, and then men need not trouble themselves about close times and penalties." They are violently opposed to Mr. Gladstone and to all Disestablishment folk, whether inside or outside the Church, to all liberationists, anti-vivisectionists, teetotallers, vegetarians, and others with bees in their bonnets. "Let us eat and drink and live happily as did our fathers" is their motto. The Irish Land Bill is a matter of profound indifference to them, but they shake their heads at the policy of the Ministry towards the blacks in South Africa. When the chimes strike up "Rousseau's Dream" they look sentimental; but when at mid-day "God Save the Queen" begins, the whole loyal community noisily joins its way round the towers. A black Thersites who disregards his duty herein is summarily flouted, and driven off from the colony.

Along with the Vicar, but for different reasons, they respect the attorney and the doctor. Sharp practice, long bills, and a spice of roguery are naturally dear to them. They have sent out colonies at times. In my lord's park, among the old oaks under which the Roundhead hummed his surly hymn, dwells the *élite* of the race. An old castle also holds several distinguished inmates; but two pair which demeaned themselves by building in a tumbledown malt-kiln on the cliffs were at once cut by every right-thinking member of the community. Owls rather disturb their slumbers in the belfry by hooting at night in spring, but then some allowance must be made for owls; they are in love, poor things. And the owl family is one to be much respected by jackdaws, who only wish they could like it turn night into day, and so do a double share of plundering. Bats, too, are a nuisance; they become so jovial at dusk, just when others want to go to sleep; and they have an equally exalted ancestry. Luckily they are kept humble by being obliged to hibernate for three months every year.

M. G. WATKINS



MISS FOTHERGILL, authoress of "The First Violin," is represented in Bentley's "Empire Library" by two novels at once—"Made or Marred," and "One of Three." The latter professes to be only "a fragment," but it is really the most ambitious and elaborate of the two. Nevertheless, most readers will, we imagine, give the preference to "Made or Marred," if only for the sake of its stronger and plainer motive, and of its greater simplicity of treatment. Miss Fothergill does not excel in the art of construction, so that her most elaborate efforts are likely to be her least successful ones. Both stories are fairly good, and are pleasant to read; and both are only too strongly marked with the characteristic weaknesses of their author. Her male characters, for example, are sheer impossibilities. They are not men at all, but ideal phantoms called up from the recollections of the most ultra-German fiction. The being who plays the part of sentimental hero in that school was the parent of the romantic nobleman in "The First Violin," and he, with very slight variations, is repeated in both these stories. However, it is something in these days to meet with a lady novelist who errs on the side of ideal romance, and retains the old-fashioned faith that a hero of fiction ought to have too much virtue rather than too little. If she could put a little life, or nerve, or backbone into these creatures of her fancy, they would spread a little more interest as well as more reality round them. Her women are a good deal more successful, though there is about the best of them too much of the prize school girl who thinks it the highest duty of woman to study German and to be able to talk about symphonies and sonatas by *opus*, number, and key. Among such young persons we imagine are to be found the warmest admirers of Miss Fothergill. They may well have a worse taste in fiction, for her tone is altogether

pure, she knows how to write, not only brightly and pleasantly, but well, and—psychology apart—she is, for a novelist, exceptionally well informed.

"The Anglo-Saxon found the Red Man of North America hospitable, honest, brave, generous, and sober; if, after three centuries of Christian contact and example, he is wily, treacherous, cruel, a thief, and a drunkard, whose is the fault?" To answer this question on behalf of the red man is the object of "Baby Rue—Her Adventures and Misadventures, Her Friends and Her Enemies" (1 vol., Sampson Low and Co.), by Charles M. Clay, who describes himself, in his dedication to the English and French veterans of the Crimea, as "a Virginian who served with Lee." Whether we agree with his conclusions or not, his story is interesting as a work of fiction, and more than merely interesting on account of its subject. Readers who fancy they have lost the power of the feeling tears come into their eyes over a story-book will have the pleasure of renewing the sensation, but it is from its earnest, vigorous, and weighty championship of a broken race against the fraud, force, and greed of unscrupulous civilisation that "Baby Rue" draws its principal value. His moral is, speaking of his own country, that "unless we change our entire Indian policy, we will, as we deserve, stand before the world dishonoured." It is of course likely enough that he makes the natural red of the Indian too much that of the rose. Still, according to far less zealous advocates, the Red Man's worst faults are not his own, but are either commercial importations or else due to the desperate struggle of the weak against extermination. Such protests have never been of any practical use, and never will be. But they are well worth the making, and well worth taking to heart by all people that have to do with races who do not want to be civilised off the earth on commercial lines. They may keep us all from bragging too much of the necessarily good influence, even upon savages, of an intercourse with those whose ideas they cannot possibly comprehend. Mr. Clay has an unquestionably strong case, and urges it in such a manner as to ensure the deepest interest and sympathy.

"King o' Men," called "A Prose Idyll," by Vere Huntley (1 vol., Remington and Co.), is a very sentimental story, by an imaginary young lady, telling how she detested a certain Captain Onslow, and despised everybody in general except her Uncle George, a Mr. Newman, and a painter with chiselled features named Kenneth Kenmuir, whom, after the usual amount of perfectly needless and conventional trouble, she finally married. She has the irritating tricks of using italics whenever they are least required, and of calling attention to her own charms of mind and heart, as compared with the foibles of other people, so as to set the reader rather against her. She is at once sarcastic and gushing, and has nothing to tell that can possibly be of any interest to anybody who did not know her. It is a fortunate thing that real young ladies do not publish their real love stories, if they are at all like the feeble stuff that is for ever being given to the world as a likeness of the reality.

THE PILLAR ROCK IN ENNERDALE

THE hasty tourist in the Lake District may get a glimpse of the top of this redoubtable Rock—this little English Schreckhorn—as he crosses the Liza on his way from Wastdale to Buttermere; but those bent on attacking it had better not get the first sight of its perpendicular sides from Ennerdale. The best way to get at the Pillar is to ascend the Black Sail Pass from Wastdale Head until the path begins to zig-zag, then strike boldly to the left up the breast of the mountain until the highest ridge is attained, and follow this until the Rock comes into sight on the right hand side. We will suppose our traveller to have been safely guided along the ridge of the Pillar Mountain, and to be standing on the brink looking across to, and a little down, upon the Rock, which rises opposite to him almost perpendicularly from the breast of the mountain. Before leaving his inn he will have taken some precautions which, small as they seem, will aid him not a little in the ascent. He will have cut his nails close down to the finger-tips, remembering that he has some hard hand work before him, and that a torn nail is painful. He will carry no pocket-book in his breast pocket, and will not wear his watch. He will have a soft-brimmed hat and good nailed boots. From his present position he is looking at the south-west face of the Rock. Below him is a precipice of jagged crags, which must be descended before the upper base of the Rock is reached. From what point is the attack to be commenced? That is the present question. On one side is a slightly sloping wall, inaccessible apparently to human foot, though two or three adventurous climbers once ascended there over the snow. Nearer the mountain there seems a better chance, for the Rock here has a lower summit, and to that the eye can trace a way of ascent. But a perpendicular wall, and a chasm beyond, show that there is an impassable gulf between the upper and lower summits. The Pillar, however, can be overcome by those who set about it in the right way. A descent must be made over the jagged crags below, and some people dislike this as much as what is to come. There is, however, no real danger to those in the least accustomed to climbing, and presently the side of the Rock is reached. In the descent we have made a slight circuit, and are now on the east side.

There are six difficult places on the Pillar, and the first is soon reached. It is a perpendicular rock, some seven or eight feet high, which must be got over. A cleft in the face of it affords foothold, and on reaching over the top a little nick will be found that admits three fingers, and gives enough hold to hoist oneself up. The place is a little awkward, but is soon surmounted, and the climber has passed what the "Pillarites" call "the first ladder." A few feet of good walking now conduct to the second difficulty, where the real danger may be said to begin. This is the "Broad Slab," a smooth stone, some ten or twelve feet square, which slopes at an angle of about 45 deg. On the left, and in front, as it is approached, rise parts of the Pillar Rock; on the right the stone abruptly ends, and there is a fall of some sixty feet on to grass and jagged rocks. The slope of the stone constitutes the danger, and were it not for a small crack that runs across its centre it would be well-nigh impassable. The crack, however, affords foothold, three firm steps carry one across, and the second difficulty is passed. It may here be said that there is no means of scaling the Pillar from the Broad Slab except by the way we are about to describe. People have tried in vain to get up from the left-hand corner of the stone, and repeated attempts in impracticable places usually lead to entire loss of nerve. Having safely crossed the Broad Slab, there are some few feet of level earthy ground which conduct to the foot of a perpendicular crag. The climber is now facing his third difficulty—"the second ladder." This is a cleft in the rock, wide enough to admit the foot. About ten feet up it broadens out, and a narrow ledge, which rounds the foot of an overhanging crag, runs away horizontally from it. In common with all the bad places on the Pillar the face of this rock is so turned as to tend to push the climber out over the precipice, but no notice must be taken of this eccentricity. Hand-and-foot hold is attainable, though limited; and here, as everywhere else, a man with a long reach has a great advantage over those of shorter stature. A steady pull lands you at the top of the ladder, and one foot must be got upon the ledge on the right. This is probably the worst place in the ascent. The fall would be sheer down to the valley below, and most people feel a strong desire to kneel upon the ledge. This is a mistake. The proper way to pass along the ledge is standing, in spread-eagle fashion, with the arms extended along the face of the crag. To kneel is only to occupy unnecessary space, and to increase the ever-present tendency of the rock to thrust one

off. It is here one realises the advantage of the soft-brimmed hat, for the width of a hat-brim is an appreciable item in the width of the ledge. The first ledge being rounded, a second comes into view, but that is comparatively easy, and the climber presently finds himself upon a grassy slope, where, if so minded, he may refresh himself with bleaberries. Two further difficulties now present themselves. These are known as the "Two Chimneys." They form in reality one broad cleft (wide enough to admit the body) in the face of an almost perpendicular rock, and half-way up a large stone is jammed. On a first glance the hold for hands and feet seems very slight, but by and by irregularities are noticed which develop as the climber mounts. The best way to get up is to partially insinuate the body into the Chimney, and thrust against the opposite side with the feet. This ascent does not seem so perilous as the others, as the grassy slope conceals the precipice below, and would prevent any very serious fall. When the half-way stone is reached there is rather a desperate piece of work to surmount it, and the knee can here be brought into play with excellent effect. The arms and body have their share of the work, the feet being now in mid-air. At last foot-hold is attained on the stone itself, and the second chimney can be attacked without much difficulty. Once out of that, the rest is easy, and a scramble takes you to the top, where you add your visiting-card to the others you will find in a tin box carried up for this purpose by some thoughtful man. Among the cards will be found a few Misses and a Mrs. or two. It need hardly be said that no lady should attempt the ascent unless she wears an Alpine dress, is well accustomed to climbing, and has a strong father, brother, or husband close by, to give a helping hand when needed.

The Pillar has its devotees, and it has had its martyr. All who scale it feel a certain affection for it, but there are some gentlemen who have taken the Pillar into their especial keeping. They ascend it constantly—one has been up some thirty times—they have it photographed, they take their sons and daughters up, they laugh with joy when they see it in the distance. Yet, despite its danger, and the fact that it is not unfrequently ascended, there is no record of any accident on the Pillar since an adventurous shepherd first scaled it about 1830. Its martyr was the Rev. J. Jackson, P.P. (Patriarch of the Pillar) and Mountain King, as he loved to style himself. At the age of eighty-two this hardy mountaineer was on his way to scale the Pillar (not for the first time), when he slipped in a hollow some way to the east of the Rock, and was killed.

C. N. WILLIAMSON

SUMMER DAYS IN BADEN-BADEN

SEEN in the brightness of summer noon, Baden makes one regret that most English people delay going there until the first beauty of the year is past. Surely the exquisite freshness of all around, from the trees to the meadows, and the delightful atmosphere of the long light evenings in July and early August amply compensate for the gaieties of the later and more fashionable part of the season. Not that Baden is dull even then. Three daily concerts and a weekly dance, to say nothing of the theatre, form plentiful amusement for those who spend their days in the Kursaal and care nothing about country rambles. At that time also there is more to be seen of real German life than later on, when Baden is full of foreigners. Teutonic families, great and small, form the bulk of the visitors, all bent upon their annual penance of water-cure, whether they really need it or no, so that if staying at a purely German hotel you may soon gather an extensive circle of acquaintances, all eager to help out your limited stock of German, and to air their own knowledge of the English tongue. Certainly there are some few drawbacks, the mode of living not being altogether suited to British tastes. The heavy mid-day meal interferes with long excursions, and the evening supper at 7.30 obliges you to swallow your food hurriedly if going to the Kursaal, as the band begins at eight, and late-comers find all the pleasantest seats taken. Possibly, too, on a sultry day, you will be shut up in a low-ceilinged room with the windows carefully closed, and over a hundred Germans all talking at the top of their voices, you will be offered such unappetising compounds as "gedampfte Bratwurst"—tiny highly-flavoured sausages on a bed of odoriferous cabbage—and expected to eat sliced raw turnip, cucumber, beetroot, and stewed red currants with roast beef, while you will have ample opportunity of judging of the much-vaunted Teutonic dexterity with a knife—witness that bland gentleman opposite, who holds his plate to his nose, and deftly sups up currant juice with the point of a steel blade. But, after all, for amusement, variety, and study of character such an experience—for a short time—is far preferable to the every-day routine of a *table d'hôte* frequented by English and Americans.

Even those who do not take the waters in sober earnest soon fall into a steady routine at Baden. Some short excursion occupies the morning, or—if the heat is too great for walking—a rest with a book on a shady seat in the woods, generally on the hill behind the Conversationhaus, where there is a breeze, a lovely view, and plenty to watch. Ragged bare-footed urchins bring plates of blue-black *heidelbeeren* for sale, the country-people pass to and fro to work, merry children play in the shade, a squirrel springs out of the fir-trees, and two ladies stalk solemnly past, each holding a glass of water. They have taken a first dose at a neighbouring spring and must walk a certain distance before consuming a second, so they start on their constitutional with measured gait, their eyes fixed anxiously on the glass lest they should spill one precious drop.

An hour in the afternoon passes agreeably listening to the band, and after a glance at the newly-arrived papers in the reading-room, every one's steps seem involuntarily to turn towards the Lichten-thaler Allee. And a pleasant walk it is under the trees, the lively little Oos rushing along at one side, over-hung by trim villas, and the background framed by the dark hills, with the tower of the Merkurberg rising above all. Sometimes there is a children's *fête* in the afternoon, and the little ones, after a lively *cotillon* in the big saloon of the Conversationhaus, come out decked with paper caps and bright favours to enjoy a thorough romp in the gardens with an energetic dancing-master, who dons a donkey's head, and allows his playmates to pelt him with plaster eggs. All Baden is abroad in the evening, and while the band in their bright green kiosk discourse sweet music, a broad stream of people passes up and down in front, roundly criticised by the *habitués* perched up under the colonnade. The military are in full force, from the cavalry dandy, in his becoming light blue uniform, to the tiny cadet imitating his superior's swagger, and looking as though he were melted into his coat. The German girls stroll along linked arm-in-arm in long rows, and one true Gretchen owns flaxen locks literally reaching to her heels, and which touch the dust as she walks. With their generally tasteless costumes, and somewhat overdone appearance, they form a striking contrast to the Americans, slim and stylish, who astonish their Teutonic sisters considerably. On a broiling afternoon a New Yorker is clad in the brightest scarlet from top to toe, while a remarkably pretty compatriot appears one evening in the ballroom in a fearful and wonderful sage-green velvet coat, with immensely long narrow tails, closely resembling the garb of a seaside nigger. At these Saturday evening dances the rules of evening dress are temporarily relaxed, notwithstanding the stringent notices in the *Badenblatt*. Scarcely a dress-coat is to be seen, and the ladies mostly wear hats and sateen toilettes. There are more lookers-on than dancers in spite of the good music and pleasant floor, and the German custom of "hospitieren"—i.e., taking a lady two or three turns round the room, and then seeking another partner—is generally adopted. The officers dance as only German officers can, and some

of their countrywomen—evidently those of a more *bourgeois* class—when quitting their partners execute elaborate curtsies worthy of a village school-child. It is a pretty scene in the ballroom, with its flower-and-figure-painted walls, and big glass chandeliers, while the adjacent room, tenanted by thirsty couples, imbibing *sipps* from a neighbouring buffet—is becomingly pervaded by a soft roseate light from the crimson hangings of the walls and furniture.

One of our pleasantest summer days in Baden is spent at Gernsbach in the Murg Valley—an eight-mile walk from Baden, which can easily be done in a morning, the earlier the better, as the first part of the road is rather sunny. We stroll past the village of Lichtenthal, peeping through the Calvary-guarded gateway at the old church and nunnery, and shortly reach one of the chief sights of the neighbourhood, the Fish Culture Establishment, a pretty Swiss-like building, where baby salmon, trout, and pike are shown in various stages of development. The grown-up fishes inhabit the ponds in the grounds for the benefit of hungry wayfarers. After a short climb we reach a primitive inn at Müllenbild, and the sour-faced hostess, disturbed in her domestic duties of cutting up vegetables, seems to grudge the hospitality of her old-fashioned room, with its sanded floor, rough benches, and gorgeous sacred pictures on the walls. Soon we are really in the Black Forest, and linger among the sweet-scented pines, enjoying the perfect stillness, broken only by the rippling of some tiny stream. By and by, through a rift in the trees, comes a glimpse of Gernsbach lying below, the swift Murg rushing through the town, and on the right Castle Eberstein, standing high on a pine-clad steep. Apart from the natural beauty of its situation Gernsbach is full of attractions. The quaint old Rathaus, the curious wooden houses overhanging the river with its rapid current, the interesting Roman Catholic and Lutheran churches, and the many artistic "bits" in the town merit more than a passing glance. We return to Baden by train, but as this involves three changes in so short a distance, the journey is rather tedious.

Another morning we ramble to the Geroldsau Waterfall, which, owing to the dry season, is rather an excuse for a delightful stroll than a great attraction in itself, for the fall is thin, and tumbles mildly down. Still the way through the valley of the Grobach is charming, the hills rising on either side, and a brook swirling noisily over the stones on its way to the Fall, almost hidden by the trees. There are forget-me-nots enough for the most sentimental beings, and bright red berries peep out in relief among the tall ferns and sombre foliage.

Most interesting of all excursions, however, is the climb up the Merkurberg, the highest mountain near Baden, and so called from the remains of a Roman altar to Mercury having been found on the summit. The good road and invigorating air make the somewhat steep ascent easy even for unpractised pedestrians, while the lazy can go comfortably in a carriage. Walking, however, is the more pleasant way, so we endure a sunny half-hour over the Annaberg, and presently enjoy some shady short cuts through the woods, finally gaining the top by a rough scramble up a timber-slide. Having arrived breathless, it is rather an effort to mount 136 additional steps to the top of the tower; but the view is worth thrice the trouble. The day is wonderfully clear, and the prospect most extensive. Below lies Baden, with the gilded dome of the Greek church sparkling in the sun, villages innumerable stud the plain, the Black Forest mountains rise near at hand, in the distance are the blue Vosges, the Rhine winds in and out, and we flatter ourselves that we can see Strassburg Cathedral, although our belief is subsequently flatly contradicted. Coming home we take a smoother and longer road by the Devil's Pulpit—the Evil One has certainly been very busy in Baden, judging by the frequent traces of his presence.

To enumerate the many other lovely rambles—Yburg, Eberstein-burg, the Alte Schloss, &c., would take too long, but we must remind the loyal Briton to visit the Friedhof, where Queen Victoria's half-sister, the Princess Hohenlohe, is buried. Going up the hill, we meet several funerals, the horses looking most extraordinary in their black crape masks, with holes cut for the eyes, while the preceding mute, with his cocked hat, reminds us of that quaint being in dress-coat and knee-breeches who goes round Dutch towns announcing to the friends the decease of any noted person. In front is carried a wooden cross curiously veiled with black crape or white muslin streamers. We see plenty of these by and by planted in the ground of the cemetery, and sadly dragged and forlorn they look after a few weeks' wear. Amidst these simple memorials stands the Princess's monument, a plain marble cross, at the foot of which is seated a graceful female figure—the work of the Princess's son, Count Gleichen.

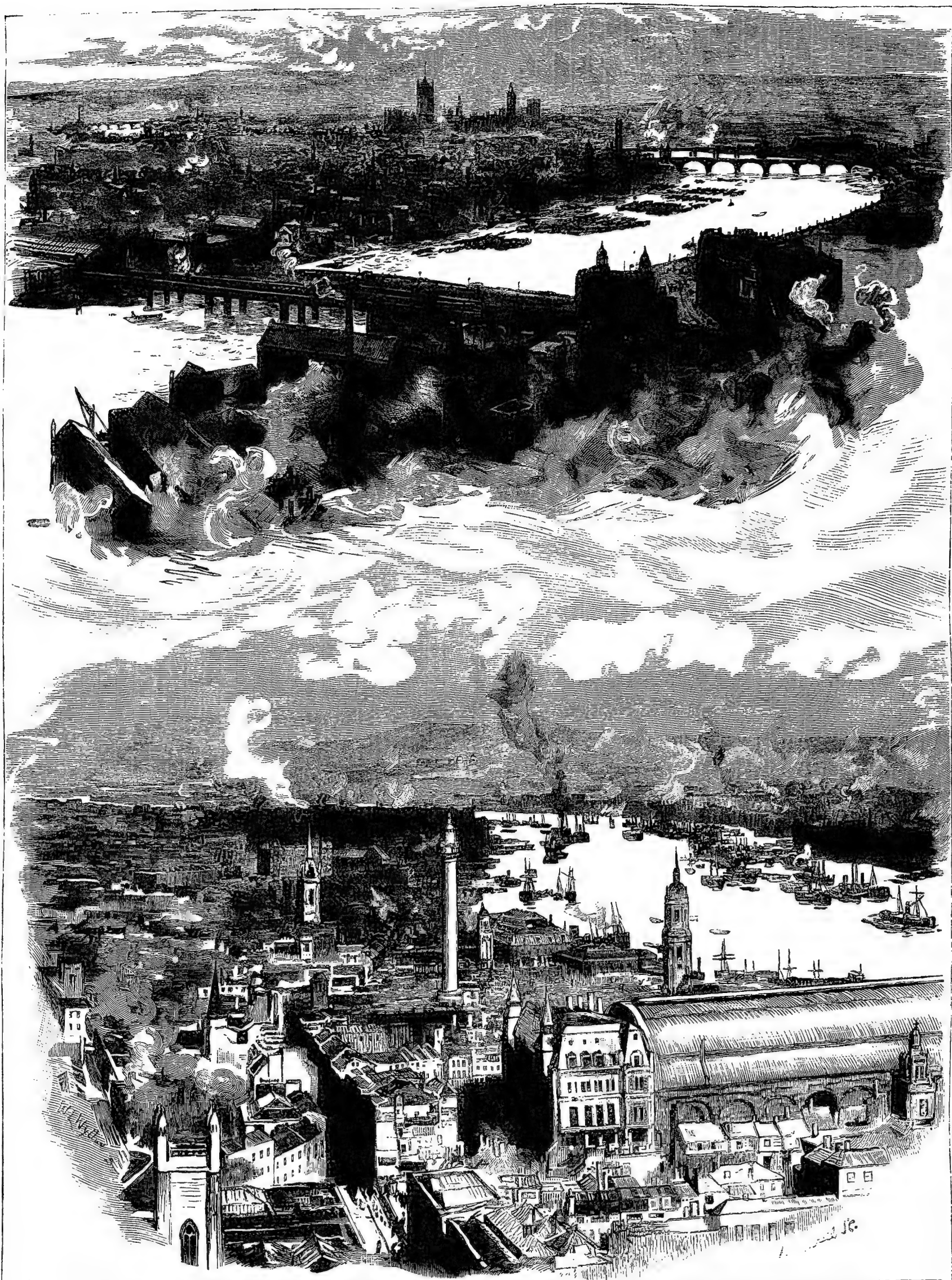
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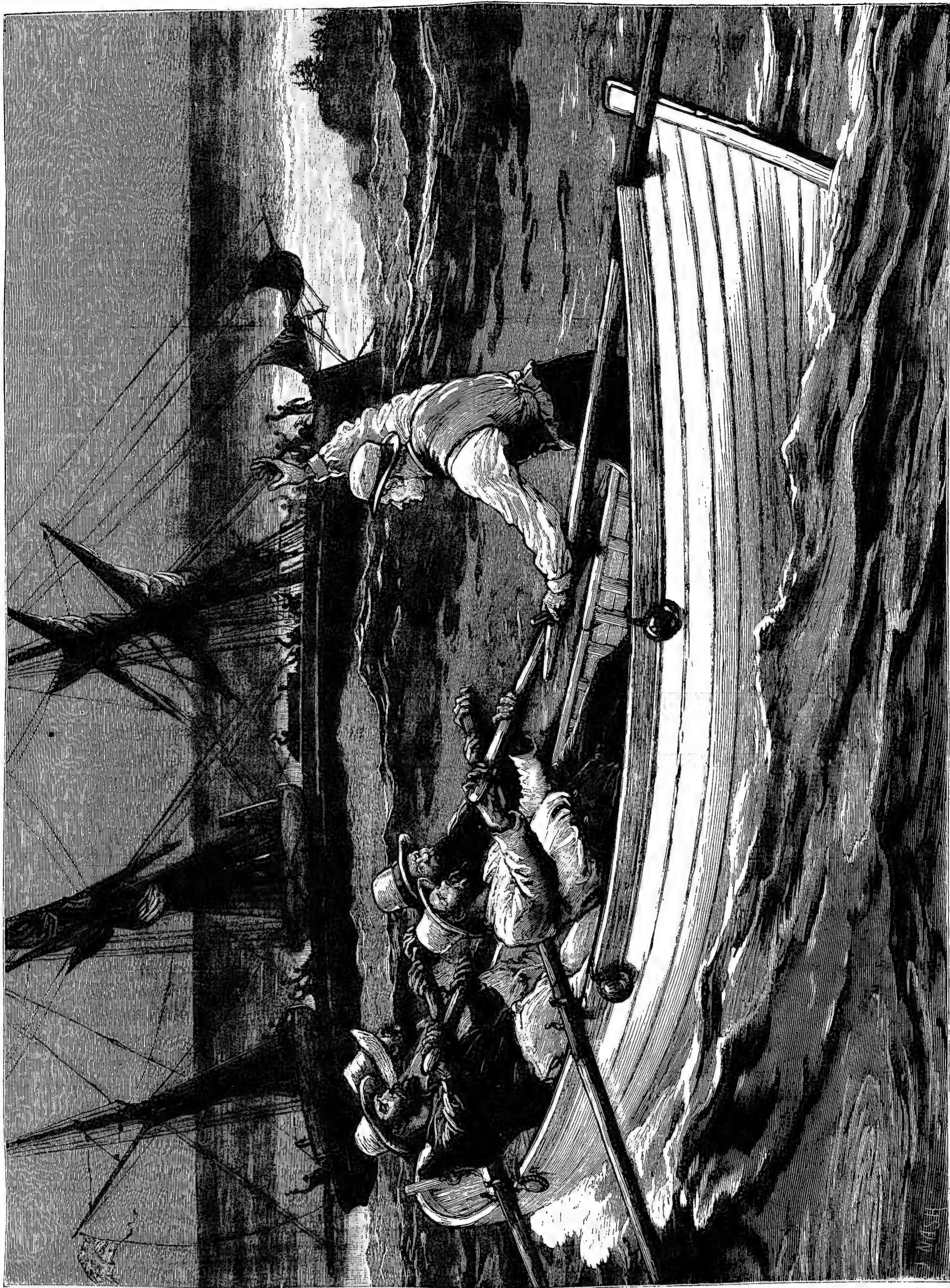
MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—The prettiest composition of its kind produced this season is "The Singers from the Sea," a cantata for female voices, the graceful poetry by Hugh Conway, who is, if we may use the term, one of our healthiest modern poets—sentimental without morbidity; the music by A. H. Behrend is melodious and thoroughly appropriate. The libretto may be summed up in the quotation which heads the first chorus: "Then stood before the Queen a quire of Singers from the Sea, and if their rhymes were uncouth, certes, their voices were sweet, and the Queen gave unto them the Prize."—*Court Revels*, 1472." The cantata consists of ten pieces, choruses and soli for soprano, mezzo-soprano, and contralto; all are equally dainty in their way, in fact we know of no musical work more suitable for a school breaking-up, or a Christmas party where the female element predominates. Its brevity is not the least of its merits. The singers might well be dressed in fancy costumes, and scenic effects introduced. No. 3 is a remarkably pretty ballad for a mezzo-soprano, "When Nights Grow Long," as are also No. 5, a choral recitative, "That Song is Sad," and No. 6, a simple ballad, "Margery Rose."—A pleasing love ditty for a tenor is "Hearts," words by J. Jemmett Browne, music by Ciro Pinsuti.—"Thème Célèbre de Handel" is an excellent transcription for the pianoforte by G. F. West, who is always up to the mark as a transcriber as well as a composer.

MESSRS. GODDARD AND CO.—Very unselfish sentiments are expressed in "Take Thou the Joy, O Love," to which the poet, Ella Dietz, adds "Give me the Sorrow," the somewhat elaborate music is by Alice Bateman. It would be well if these ladies, instead of "all rights reserved," were to give permission for this song to be sung without any fee, then there would be a chance of its becoming known instead of remaining on the publishers' shelves.—An ultra sentimental love song for a tenor is "Sunless the Skies," poetry by T. Smith, music by Henry Stiehl.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—Although the theme is somewhat hackneyed, "The Old Cathedral Bell," by Oliver Cramer, is fresh and original in its treatment; it is published in two keys, for contralto and bass.—The same may be said of "My Boy Who Went to Sea," a very pleasing ballad for a contralto; the poetry, with a sad beginning and a happy ending, is by Wilton Wyatt, the tuneful music by H. de Vaux.—Again we come upon a love song, "True Love is Sweet," written and composed by W. M. Hutchinson and Julian Mount; this song is published in three keys.



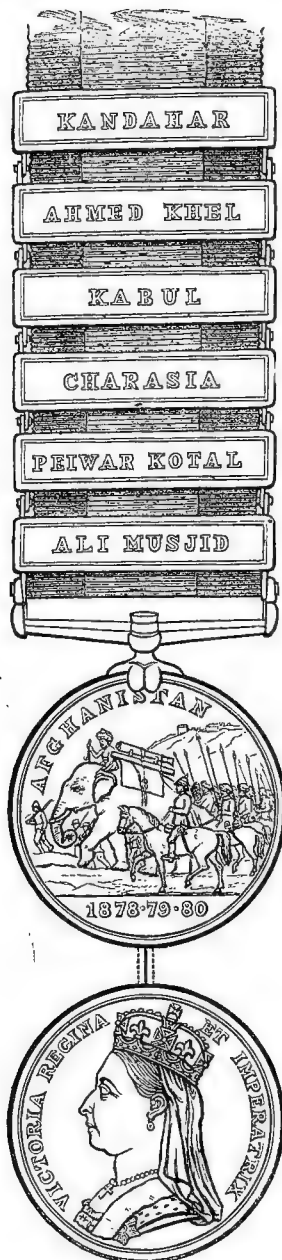
1. The View Westward, Showing the Various Bridges, and the Houses of Parliament.—2. Looking Eastward over Cannon Street Station, The Monument, &c.
LONDON, FROM THE TOP OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL



A VISIT TO NORFOLK ISLAND—BISHOP SELWYN'S WELCOME

THE AFGHAN WAR MEDAL

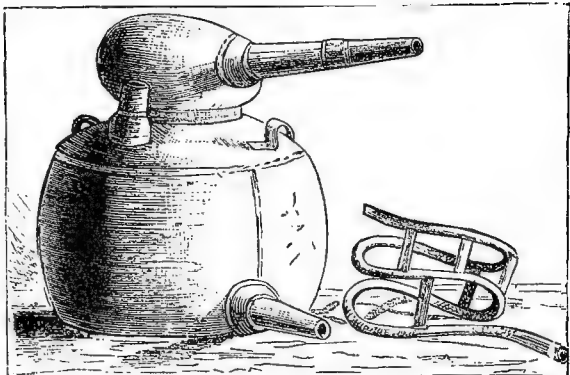
THIS decoration, which is to be conferred on the troops who were engaged in the recent campaign in Afghanistan, is the work of Mr. Leonard C. Wyon, some alterations from the original design having been suggested by Her Majesty the Queen. The obverse consists of a very fine profile likeness, in high relief, of the Queen, wearing the Imperial Crown as Empress of India, and surrounded with the words "Victoria Regina et Imperatrix." On the reverse of the medal is a picturesque representation of a squadron of Indian horse



just emerging from a pass, headed by an elephant carrying a mountain gun; while around the inner rim is inscribed the legend "Afghanistan, 1878-79-80." The ribbon has a green centre, with crimson borders. The full number of clasps is six, each bearing the name of one of the following engagements:—Ali Musjid, Peiwar Kotal, Charasia, Kabul, Ahmed Khel, and Kandahar. The medal, which is massive, and of great artistic excellence, has been manufactured by Messrs. E. and E. Emanuel, 3, The Hard, Portsea; of whom miniature copies of the same, and also of the "Star," granted to those who accompanied General Roberts from his march to Kabul to Kandahar may be obtained.

A HIGHLAND STILL

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that illicit distillation subjects the offenders to the heavy penalty of 500*l.*, in addition to the forfeiture of the not inexpensive plant and materials used in the process, whenever a seizure is made, the practice is still carried on in various parts of the United Kingdom; and the Highland fastnesses of Scotland have long borne the reputation of being frequented by secret manufacturers of "mountain dew." The recent abolition of the malt-tax is said to have given an impetus to this illicit trade, and it is certain that, whatever be the cause, there has of late been a decided increase in the number of seizures in that part of the country.



The accompanying engraving shows a complete apparatus such as is usually employed, being taken from a sketch of one captured a few weeks ago in the mountains of Moidart, Invernesshire, by some officers of the Inland Preventive Service. The boiler, or *alembic*, the capacity of which was thirty-one gallons, with its "head" or "neck," were of copper, and bore traces of long usage and recent repairs; the "worm" was of block tin. The entire apparatus was taken to Fort William, where it was of course destroyed.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. William T. Brown, Inland Revenue Officer, Dalmaran, Fort William.

GOING A-BLACKBERRYING

SUMMER-TIME is the pic-nicking season, and on a fine sunny day there is, perhaps, no greater enjoyment than a few hours' ramble amidst country lanes and meadows with a merry group of friends. Now it is that the conventionalism of society is forgotten, its usages laid aside, and its ceremonial forms of etiquette discarded; the one idea being to make the occasion as gipsy-like as possible.

Thus one inducement which the country offers as a special attraction during the harvest months is a search for blackberries— that refreshing little fruit which on a hot and dry day may be enjoyed by rich and poor alike free of cost. To wander over the heather, while the air is sweetly fragrant with thyme and other flowers that shed their delicate perfume on all sides, gathering at leisure blackberries as they sparkle in the sunshine, is indeed a pleasure that will always retain its well-deserved popularity. Who is there that does not remember having, at some time or other, spent many an enjoyable hour in such a way as this? In the country, too, it must be remembered, a blackberry-gathering is an important event, as the good housewife boils this wild fruit down, and makes out of it a delicious jam for winter uses when the country is shorn of all its glory, and the winter's snow lies deep on the summer-carpeted common of flowers. Blackberries also serve to add to the scanty gains of our peasantry, as they gather them for the London market, whence they are despatched to the various fruiterers' shops in the metropolis, and may occasionally be seen with the following recommendation, "Blackberries Fresh from the Country." Apart, therefore, from being a picturesque adornment to our country foliage, the blackberry is in many ways always in request, and is eagerly sought for by anxious gatherers as the time of its perfection draws near. There is, moreover, only one danger attendant on blackberry-gathering,— one, indeed, which now and then occasions fatal results— young children picking some poisonous berry which may insidiously have found its way amidst the blackberry shrubs. Anyhow such an occurrence is rare, as most children are too well acquainted with the time-honoured blackberry to mistake any other fruit for it:—

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
Go, put thou forth thy small white rose,
I love it for his sake.

Most readers, too, will doubtless recollect that the blackberry has from time immemorial been looked upon as especially the children's fruit, being sacred to the memory of the "Babes in the Wood":—

Whose pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed.

In some counties blackberries are nicknamed "Bumblekites," from the rumbling and humbling," says Dr. Prior in his "Popular Names of British Plants" (32), "caused in the bellies of children who eat its fruit too greedily." Referring to the history of the blackberry, it may be noted that the bramble forms the subject of the oldest apologue extant (Judges ix. 8). When Jotham bitterly reproached the men of Shechem for their cruel ingratitude to his father's house, he narrated to them the parable of "the trees choosing a king." Waterton relates a curious and amusing legend illustrative of the origin of this plant, which is as follows:—The cormorant was once a wool merchant. He entered into partnership with the bramble and the bat, and they freighted a large ship with wool. She was wrecked, and the firm became bankrupt. Since that disaster the bat skulks about till midnight to avoid his creditors, the cormorant is for ever diving into the deep to discover his foundered vessel, while the bramble seizes hold of every passing sheep to make up his loss by stealing the wool. The bramble, too, is one of the many plants which, according to tradition, had the sad and mournful distinction of supplying the Crown of Thorns.

Again, among the many uses to which the bramble or blackberry was in days gone by applied, was that of binding down the sods in the village churchyard. Thus Jeremy Taylor, when commenting on man's mortality, says:—"The autumn, with its fruits, prepares disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases; and the spring brings flowers to strew upon our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon the graves." At the present day the jam and jelly prepared from blackberries are very popular in country farmhouses for the home treatment of sore throats; and as far back as the time of the ancient Greeks we read of bramble-berries as a popular remedy for gout. They have also been termed "Scald Berries," from the supposed curative effect of their leaves in cases of scald head.

The blackberry has frequently been made the theme of the poet, and Shakespeare gives several allusions to it. Thus, for instance, in *Henry IV.* (Act. ii., Sc. 4), Falstaff declares that

If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries,
I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

In *As You Like It* (Act. iii., Sc. 2) Rosalind says, "There is a man hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies upon brambles;" and, to quote one more illustration, in *Troilus and Cressida* (Act v., Sc. 4), Thersites exclaims how "That same dog-fox Ulysses is not proved worth a blackberry."

Once more the blackberry is not without its folk-lore, and there is a popular superstition that the Devil always puts his cloven foot upon the blackberries on Michaelmas Day, and on this account it is considered highly unlucky to gather them during the remainder of the year. Mrs. Latham in her "West Sussex Superstitions" ("Folklore Record," i., 14), relates the following anecdote, which happened to a farmer's wife living near Arundel. "She is in the habit of making every year a large quantity of blackberry jam, and, finding that less fruit than she required had been brought to her this autumn, she said to the charwoman, her assistant, 'I wish you would send out some of your children to gather me three or four pints more.' 'Ma'am!' exclaimed the woman, 'don't you know this is the 11th of October?' 'Yes,' was the answer. 'Bless me, ma'am! and you ask me to let my children go out blackberrying! Why, I thought that everybody knew that the Devil went round on the 10th of October, and spat on all the blackberries, and that if any person were to eat one on the 11th, they, or some one belonging to them, would die or fall into great trouble before the year was out. No, nothing could persuade me to let any children of mine go blackberrying on the 11th of October.' This superstition prevails in Ireland as well as in various parts of England. There is also a popular notion that, when the blossoms of the blackberry are seen at the commencement of June, an early harvest may be expected.

T. F. THISELTON DYER

THE ACCLIMATISATION OF ENGLISH SKYLARKS IN AMERICA has not proved a success. Seven were imported in the spring; but two died shortly after their arrival, while the remaining five were liberated in a meadow bordering on the Hudson, and speedily disappeared. A pair were seen in the meadow for some weeks; but they were never heard to sing, and seemed much disliked by the American meadow-larks, which drove them off the grass.

YOUNG MEN are scarce this year in the various Transatlantic summer resorts, most of those able to afford the trip having gone off to Europe. In the White Mountains in particular, American ladies are greatly lamenting the lack of masculine society, and a correspondent of the Albany *Sunday Press* relates having seen the following notice posted up on the trunk of a tree, and written in a pretty ladylike hand:—"One hundred young men wanted at the Profile House. They must be well educated and of good family with a fair amount of means."



WE have received from Sydney a collection of pamphlets treating of the meteorology of New South Wales, compiled by Mr. H. C. Russell, the Government Astronomer, who appears to be an indefatigable observer, and who has collected a large body of valuable data. Although the colony of New South Wales extends over nine degrees of latitude (from 28° to 37°), the climate is less affected by difference of latitude than might be supposed. Elevation above the sea-level and distance from the coast exercise a much more powerful influence. Hence the colony may be divided roughly into three climatic zones by lines drawn from north to south. The most easterly of these divisions comprises the coast region between the mountains and the sea. Here the rainfall is abundant, and the heat of summer and cold of winter are alike mitigated by the Equatorial current which is always flowing along the shore in a southerly direction. Let us take three examples of this coast region, north, centre, and south, during 1879. At Clarence Heads, lat. 29° 28', the mean temperature was 68° 6', the highest in the shade 87° 0', the lowest 40° 5'; at Sydney, lat. 33° 51', the highest was 96° 5', the lowest 40° 6', the mean 62° 1'; at Eden, lat. 37°, the highest was 86°, lowest 38° 1', mean 59° 1'. Next for the mountain and table-land region of the colony. In spite of the altitude, the hot winds are severer here than on the coast, but, on the other hand, the winters, though drier and brighter, are nearly as cold as in the south-west of England. At Armidale, lat. 30° 34', the maximum was 91° 4', the minimum 16° 9', the mean 53° 7'; at Bathurst, about 100 miles due west of Sydney, the temperature varied from 103° to 22°, with a mean of 55° 8'; at Cooma, lat. 36° 12', the temperature ranged from 101° 6' to 16° 3', with an average of 52° 3', the mean temperature of July, the coldest month, being only 35° 3'. Lastly, for the inland and comparatively treeless plains of the west, bordering on the desert interior. At Bourke, lat. 30° 3', 393 miles inland, the four summer months are fearfully hot, the average temperature of January was 88° 5', and the highest in the shade 115° 5', but the winter nights are much colder than on the coast, and frosts are not uncommon. At Wentworth, 476 miles from the coast, lat. 34° 8', the temperature ranged from 118° 8' to 26° 1', and there was 31° difference between the mean temperatures of January and July. At Euston, on the Murray, lat. 34° 32', 422 miles from the coast, the shade temperature ranged over 100° during the year, the extremes being 124° 5' and 24° 1'. In these inland regions the sky is cloudless for days together, only about 12 inches of rain fall during the year, and the evaporation is enormous. The above figures will show that all vague and general statements about the Australian climate should be received with caution. Mr. Russell, we may observe in conclusion, is not merely an ardent "weather-sharp;" he is as befits his position an equally ardent astronomer, as may be gathered from some pamphlets written by him, but which are of too technical a character for popular notice.

Of the many useful publications issued by Mr. Upcott Gill, we doubt if any will find wider welcome than "Garden Pests." Insects, it is well known, are the perpetual bane of amateur gardeners; and, indeed, are a malignant cause of the failure of very many horticultural beginnings. Consequently a brief, succinct, plain-speaking catalogue of the more pernicious and vexatious creatures, which, at the same time, points out the best methods of suppression and destruction, and which is rendered yet more valuable by numerous carefully-drawn illustrations, will "come as a boon and a blessing to men"—that is, to men who are their own gardeners. This is just what "Garden Pests" is; though it does not pretend to deal with all harmful insects, nor—very wisely—does it give all the various remedies that have been from time to time suggested. What recipes it does give, however, have the merit of simplicity and efficacy; and—mark it well, ye who love gardening—the chief of them is cleanliness. What a mass of annoyance, disappointment, and despair, is caused by the actively-evil creatures generated in a heap of filth and rubbish lying in some out-of-the-way corner! Yet that said heap is a feature of ninety-nine amateurs' gardens out of a hundred.

Mr. Francis G. Heath, whose previous works have gained for him a position of authority on ferns, and, indeed, on sylvan matters generally, has just issued (S. Low and Co.) a little volume, suitable for the pocket, which is sufficiently explained by its title, "Where to Find Ferns." It does not attempt to supersede bulkier books on the same subject; but, whilst assuming on the part of the reader some knowledge and understanding of the plants with which it deals, it gives many useful notes on British ferns, and their *habitats*. There is an exhaustive additional chapter on ferns round London, which makes the book still more acceptable. We fancy all fern lovers—and is not their name legion?—will be very glad to meet with so handy and useful a work.

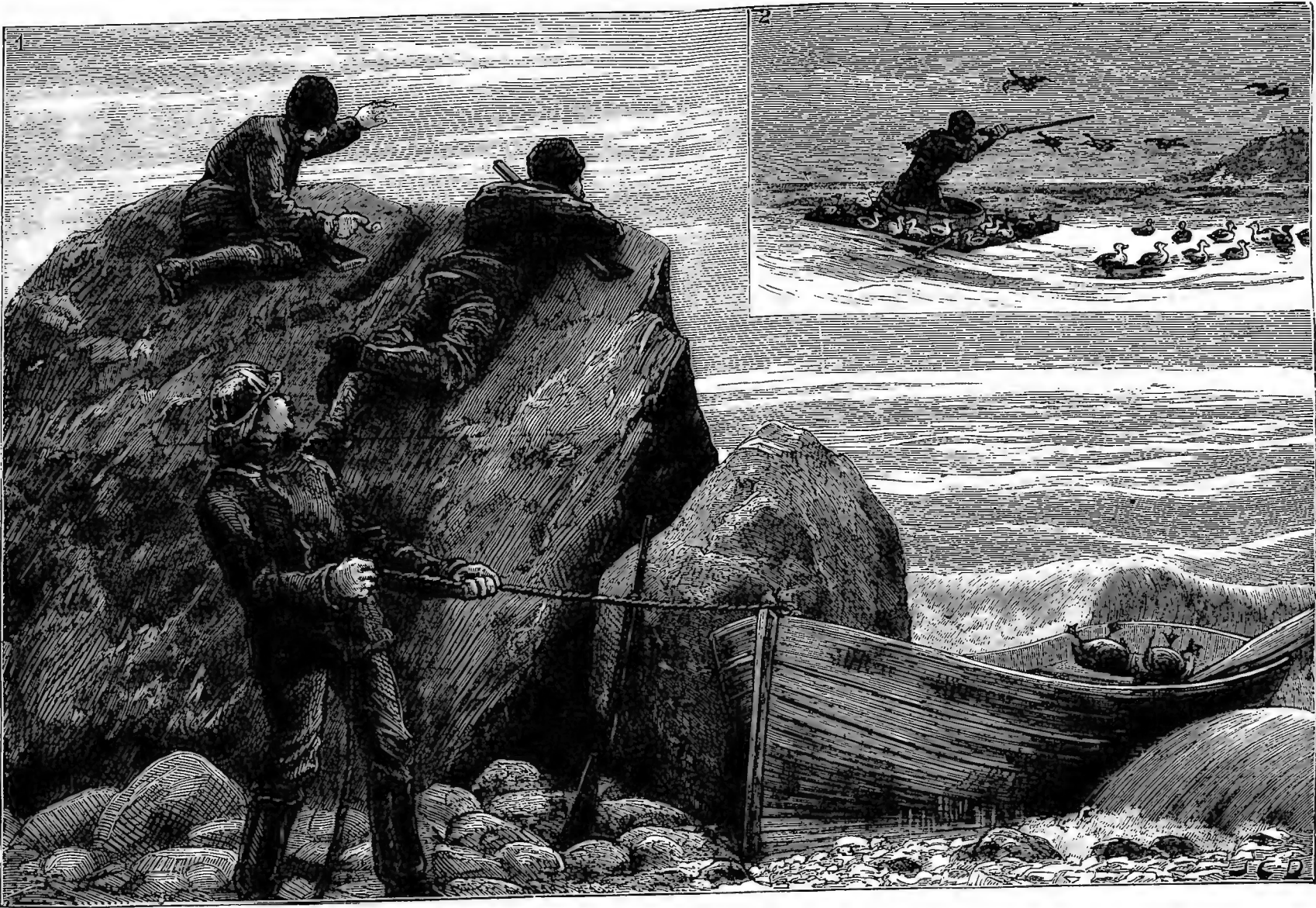
"Cambridge Trifles; or, Splutterings from an Undergraduate's Pen" (S. Low and Co.), originally appeared in the *Cambridge Review*. They deal with "some of the more trifling incidents that go to make up the inner life" at that seat of learning, and are republished in the hope that having served to amuse the Cambridge world when issued one by one, they may entertain the general public when taken altogether. This hope is likely to be for ever unrequited. The "Trifles" are trifles, indeed, with an insipid flavour of local gossip and daily nothingness, and a weak tendency to twaddle. In fact, somewhat in the words of the preface—the book is one that may be taken up at any moment and—laid aside.

Never in the course of a considerable literary experience have we met with such a conglomeration of high falutin nonsense and sonorous emptiness as is presented in "Una," by Camroux (Remington's). It pretends to be a "physiological romance," whatever that may mean: the "physiology" is unique, to say the least; as for the "romance" the least said about it the better perhaps. The grammar is original, the style simply astounding—only less so, indeed, than the fact that any one could, in these dull days of practicality, be found guilty of its perpetration. "Una" is a phenomenon, the like of which we hope never to see again.

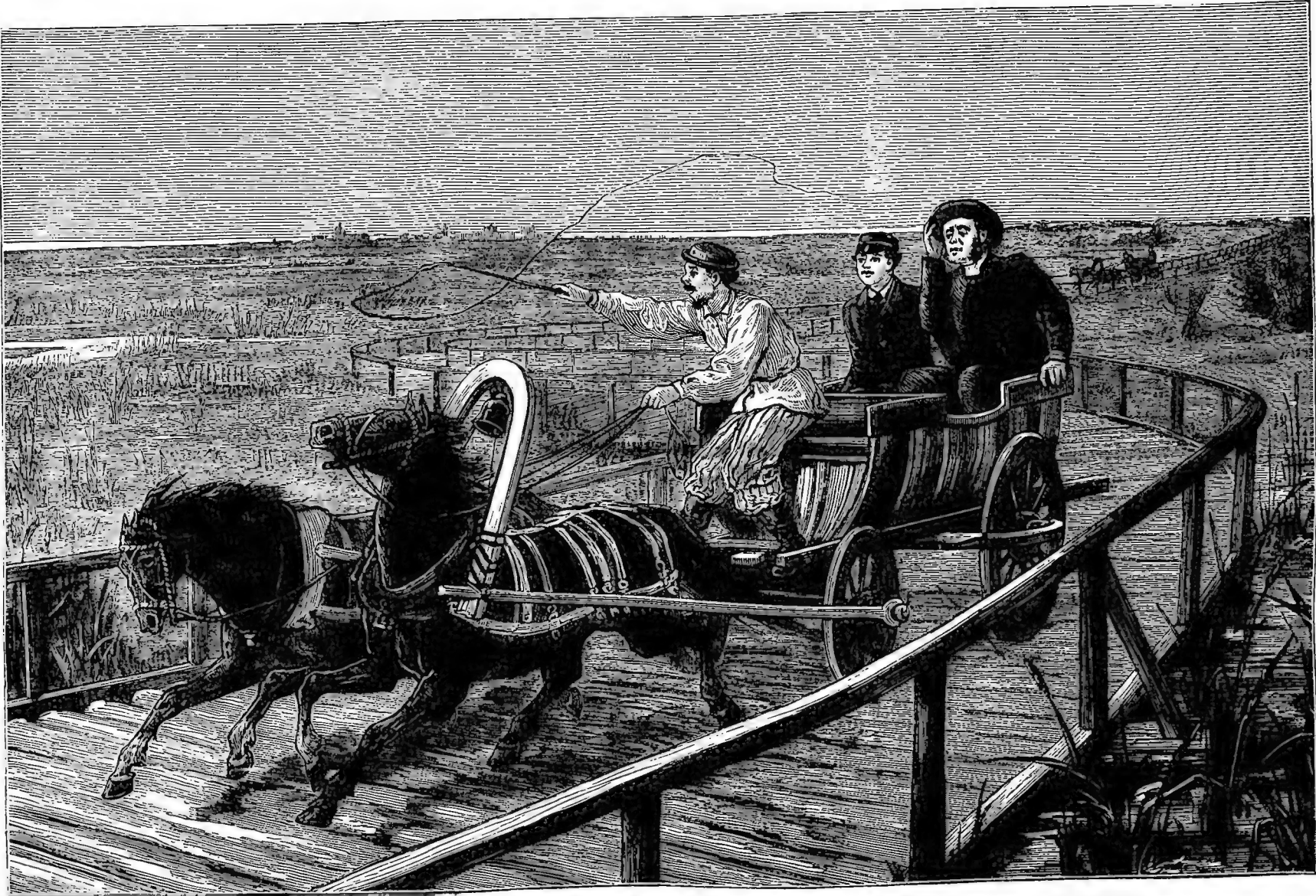
We are glad to notice a new edition just issued by Mr. John Hogg of "The Pilgrim's Progress," with Southey's life of Bunyan and bibliographical notes, and the quaint and interesting illustrations on wood by William Harvey. Copies of the original edition—which has for some time been out of print—are generally sought for by collectors, but the work is now placed within the reach of the general public. The chief interest, no doubt, is in the woodcuts, which we observe are in very good condition. Macaulay's essay in the *Edinburgh*, on the occasion of the first issue of this work in 1830, will be remembered.

Last year we noticed the first numbers of a series of little illustrated guide-books published by the Zurich firm of Oriel Füssli and Co. This series have now reached its twelfth part, which treats of that stately market town in the rugged mountainous canton of Grisons. Thus, a place affording very many delights and advantages to the tourist. The letterpress is by A. Rumpf, and there are twenty very fair illustrations by J. Weber, and a useful map of the district. The guides can be obtained in London of Messrs. C. Smith and Son, Charing Cross, and is in many respects just the sort of a companion a holiday-maker would choose.

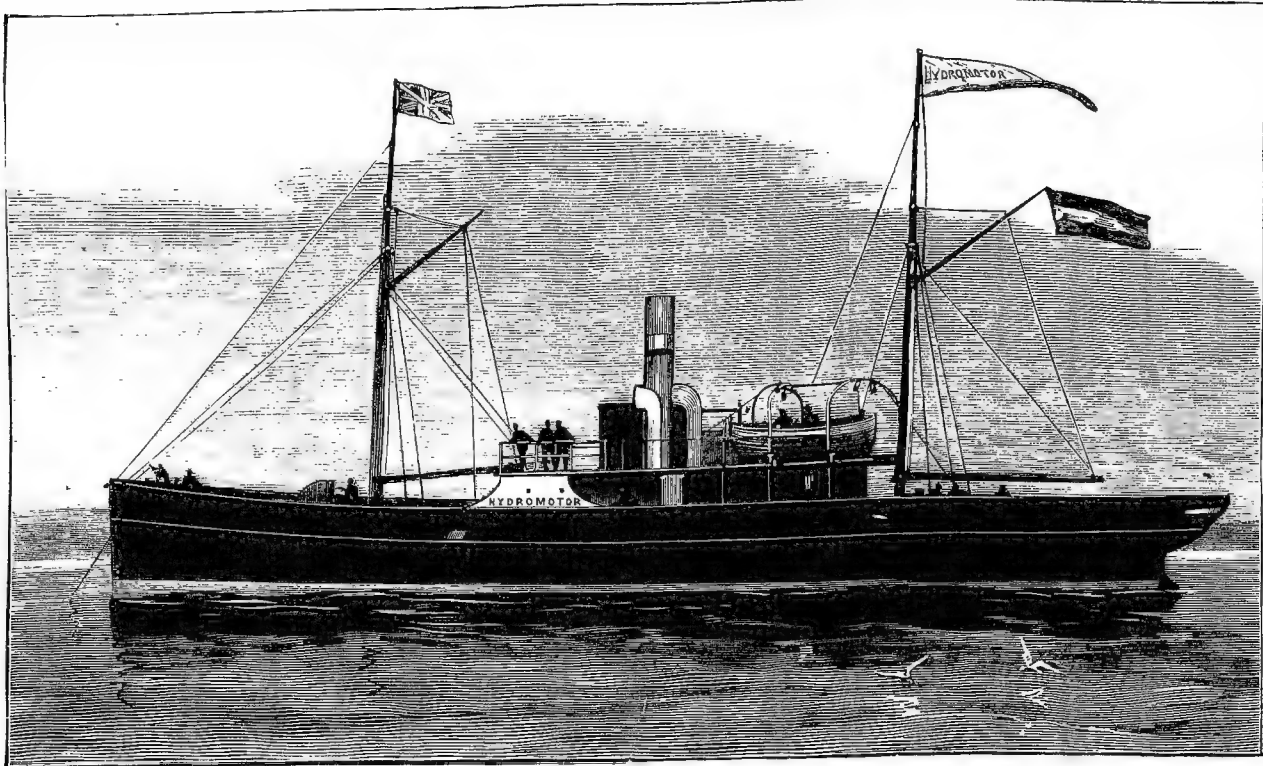
Address—F. COMAR, 28, Rue St. Claude, Paris.



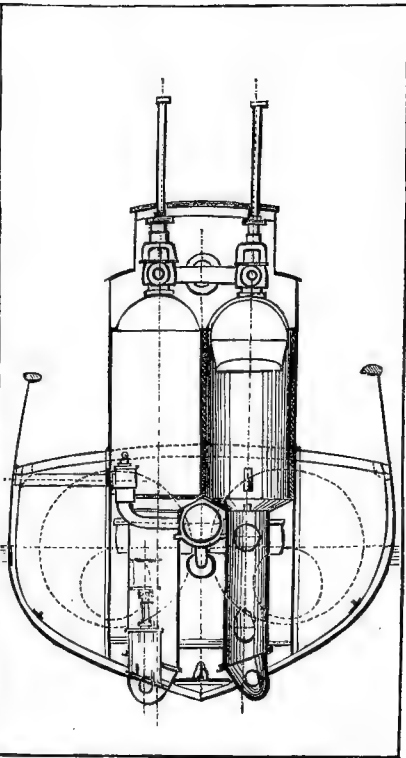
1. Watching the Tub.—2. In the Tub.
DUCK-SHOOTING IN NOVA SCOTIA



TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA — "CORDUROY" ROAD BETWEEN ST. PETERSBURG AND ARCHANGEL



THE VESSEL AS IT APPEARS AFLOAT



TRANSVERSE VIEW OF THE MACHINERY

THE HYDROMOTOR SHIP
INVENTED BY DR. EMIL FLEISCHER OF DRESDEN

LOVING CUP PRESENTED TO JOHN WILKES

JOHN WILKES was personally not a very reputable man, but we have the high authority of Mr. Gladstone for the declaration that, whether we choose it or not, his name must be enrolled among the great champions of English freedom. For years he battled for liberty against a King who wanted to be a despot, and against a set of corrupt and time-serving Ministers. The struggle lasted a long time. It began when Wilkes was arrested for libelling the Government in the *North Briton*, then he fought the House of Commons, who, because they had previously expelled him, refused to readmit him when the electors of Middlesex chose him as their representative. In the City, which in those days was always on the side of freedom, Wilkes was immensely popular, and he successively became Sheriff and Lord Mayor.

Our engraving represents a Loving Cup of silver, which was presented to him by the City Corporation, January 24th, 1772, "in commemoration of his valuable services in defending the freedom of the Press against a despotic Parliament." The design of the Cup represents the death of Julius Cæsar in the Roman Senate House,

the subject being in some measure suggested by the dagger which appears in the first quarter of the City Arms. We learn from the *City Press* that the Cup was made use of as one of the Loving Cups at the annual dinner of the Poulterers' Company, on the evening of the 29th June last.

John Wilkes died (1797) without male issue, and on the death of his only daughter Mary, the Cup passed to his niece Dinah, wife of Sir Robert Baker, Bart. (Dunstable), and great-grandmother of Sir G. Sherston Baker, Bart., the present possessor of the Cup, by whose permission the accompanying engraving has been made.

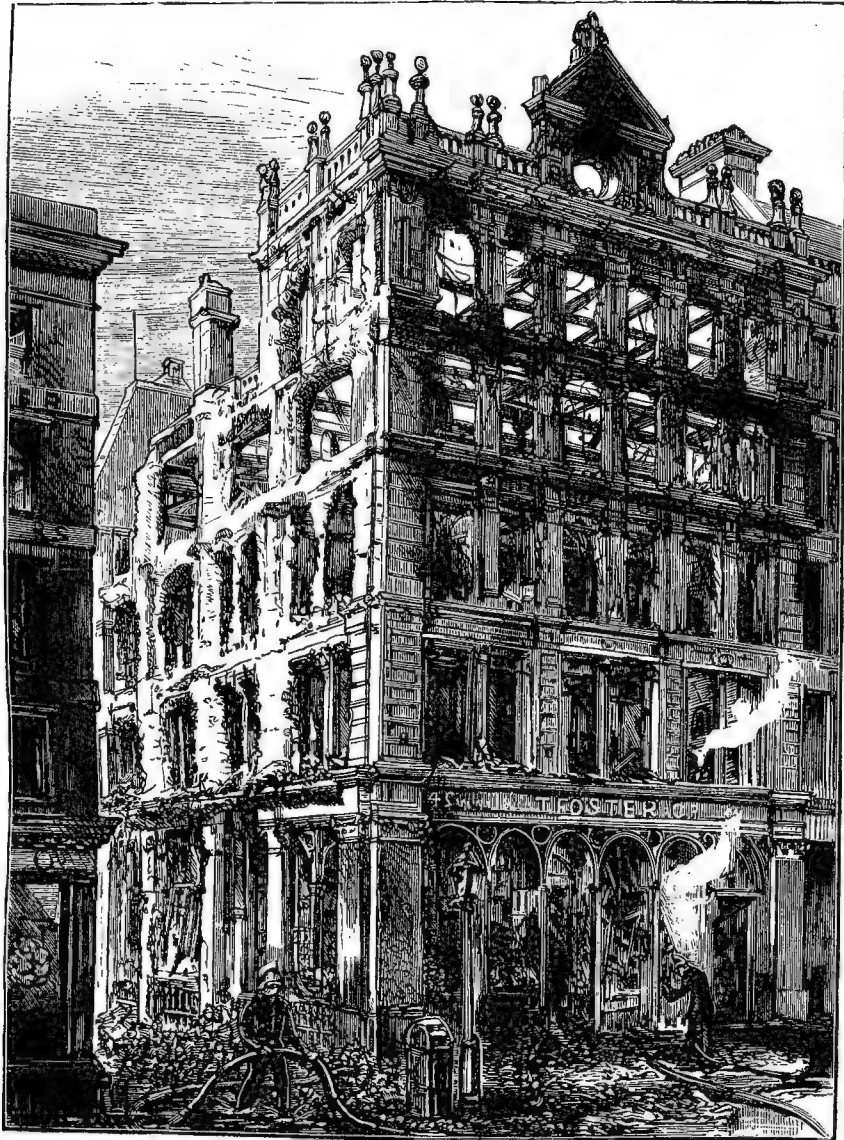
THE HYDROMOTOR SHIP

WHILE the British Squadron was at Kiel last July, several of the engineers inspected a hydromotor vessel recently constructed there from the designs of Dr. Emil Fleischer, of Dresden, the invention being the fruit of three years' study.

Machines made on the reactive principle hereafter explained are not altogether new. We recollect five-and-thirty or forty years ago a model boat which used to travel up and down a tank at the old

Adelaide Gallery upon water being poured into it. But Dr. Fleischer's hydromotor allows of as much as 90 per cent. of the indicated steam power being applied to the production of the out-flowing water stream, while not more than 30 per cent. has been secured with the reaction machines hitherto constructed. In his vessel the usual ship's engines, worked by means of wheel or screw, are replaced by hydraulic reaction, by the drawing in and shooting out of a stream of water. The steam power acts immediately on the water, without any loss of such power in conveyance from steam engines and pumps. The manœuvring capabilities of the vessel are greatly increased, and the usual complicated machinery is replaced by a remarkably simple contrivance.

The professional men who, at the request of the Duke of Edinburgh, took part in a short trip with the hydromotor, expressed the most unqualified appreciation of the invention, and of every detail of its execution. The easy manœuvring of the vessel, its small consumption of coal, and the practicability of adapting the system to all rates of speed were clearly shown, and the simplicity of its construction was regarded as particularly valuable for war ships. The hydromotor is being further tested in this country.



THE RECENT FIRE IN CHEAPSIDE — THE RUINS



LOVING CUP PRESENTED TO JOHN WILKES, 1772,
AND USED AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE POULTERS' COMPANY, JUNE 29, 1881

are supposed to be not worth the interest of money spent in cultivation of any sort, but the remaining 20,000,000 are fairly well fitted either for good pastures, root crops, or arable land.

BUTTER, EGGS, AND BACON.—The United Kingdom annually pays the foreigner a tribute of 10,379,450*l.* for butter, of 2,295,720*l.* for eggs, and 8,880,223*l.* for bacon and ham,—in all 21,555,393*l.* for articles, not only perfectly capable of home production, but actually better and of superior value when produced at home. Such facts speak for themselves; and we hope the Royal Agricultural Commission will have something practical to suggest with relation to these serious losses to the annual income of the United Kingdom.

DRAYTON ABBEY is to let. The house in which no inconsiderable part of Victorian politics has been determined upon is in the market at the same time as, to the present generation, the still more interesting manor of Hughenden. Occupiers do not come forward; perhaps men feel the difficulty of filling even the houses of Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Robert Peel. We are glad that the families of Peel and Disraeli still retain the freeholds of what have already become historic houses, and that in the latter case the letting is only made pending the coming of age of young Coningsby Disraeli.

PLASNEWYDD, the home for many years of Lady Willoughby de Broke, is now empty. The estate is remarkable for having upon it one of those sixty-five rude stone monuments the pre-eminent interest of which caused them to be scheduled in Sir John Lubbock's Bill. We hope that the new occupier of Plasnewydd will be a man who will take as much care of this precious relic as did Lady Willoughby de Broke. Plasnewydd is one of the finest estates in Anglesey.

FARMERS AND FAIR TRADE.—The appeal, which many persons think to have won recent county victories to the Conservative party, is briefly this, that unlimited Free Trade is ruining the country generally, and that as regards agricultural interests a remedy would be found in a small Protective duty which will not seriously affect the price of bread, while it will relieve the farmer of the Highway, Education, Police, and other rates, which now heavily press on him. Lord Derby's recent speech is a statistical attempt to refute the notion of a declining prosperity in England; of which attempt it may fairly be said that never have figures and feelings been more in conflict than they are over this matter. Agriculture, however, shows retrogression even statistically.

FARMERS AND RAILWAYS.—A typical case of railway unfairness to farmers exists in Essex. Maldon and Colchester are considerably further from London than Chelmsford, and on the same line, yet the farmers of Chelmsford have to pay higher freights than those of Maldon and Colchester. Why is this? Simply because while the more distant farmers have a choice of rail or water conveyance to London the Chelmsford farmers are dependent on the rail alone.

ESSEX.—We hear from Mr. Charles Page Wood that in the Kelvedon district a farmer in a very few years has lost from 1,500*l.* to 1,800*l.* on a farm of only 100 acres. The two remaining years of the lease have been offered rent free, yet thus far no one has been found to take up the offer. Landlords in Essex of the last two years have made a fairly general rent remission of ten per cent., and a few have given fifteen, but twenty per cent. is rare. Small farmers in Essex appear to be losing ground very fast, and with bad times properties are getting larger, though fewer in number than before.

THE PLANTING OF TREES along the streets of our country towns is a very good thing, and we are glad to see the custom extending. The pioneer towns in this respect were Shrewsbury in the West and Grantham in the Eastern counties. Clacton and Romford are both following the good example, which might well be considered by treeless Brighton, by the Marina end of St. Leonard's, and by many another popular resort. Planes grow fast and well in most inland places of fairly dry soil, while for sheltering towns pines and larch will generally stand the saline breezes of the sea.

OVER-WORK

THAT the modern struggle for existence, the unremitting high-pressure of an age of competition and of incessant battling against time, proves fatal over and over again to many a private and here and there an officer in the great army of brain-workers, is nowadays a commonplace remark. Yet few who make it seriously examine the real nature of the evil they deplore, or the means by which it may be cured or avoided. There is often, indeed, a vain-glorious complacency in the light talk about a "high-pressure" age. It is very unpleasant, very sad, all will admit, for those who suffer from it; but without breaking of eggs there will be no omelettes, and it is something after all to think that we are so much better workers than our sires; that "gentleman Leisure" has been slain and buried; and that "they of old time" compared with ourselves were little better than ingenious idlers. One might fancy sometimes, to listen to such moralisings, that the giants of the Revival of Learning were simply so many graceful *dilettanti* who took to letters because fashions had changed, and the world began to feel a surfeit of hard knocks, or that the Butlers, Newtons, Paleys of a later date were but a group of easy-going gentlemen who dallied with philosophy in sunny orchards, or gave occasional birth to happy thoughts in evening strolls upon the yellow sands. There seems a little reluctance to admit that it may not be after all excess of work—an heroic martyrdom which demands its victims—but the way in which we do our work, which needs amendment; that the strain we feel comes not of giant burdens which only Titan shoulders can support with ease, but from the continuous irritation of ignoble "worry." Yet if real over-work may boast its tens, it is "worry," on the other hand, which has slain its thousands.

Upon this matter it is worth while to hear an expert preach to us in the *Nineteenth Century*. Dr. Granville, the author of more than one clever treatise on obscure diseases of the nerves and brain, will not allow that working at "high pressure," so long as the effort made is "natural," does any injury to the trained mind. If anything, "work at too low a pressure" is the more harmful; work which in the main is purposeless and desultory, and thus deteriorates the brain power by excess of relaxation. Sometimes, it is true, the trained mind makes default; for brains reared up for modern competitive examinations, and fed in youth not on "the processes by which minds are developed," but on "results," crammed full of knowledge but not educated, may prove badly prepared for independent exertion. "The work is not greater than that exacted from our predecessors, but we are less well prepared for its performance." On the whole, however, sheer hard work, the work which is only resolute concentrated tension of all our energies towards a single aim, even though it be prolonged for a considerable space of time, will rarely carry exhaustion to the point where the natural reserves of reparative energy will fail to accomplish their appointed task.

Far otherwise is it when work is complicated with worry; when the rhythm of the mental movement is broken by irritation from without, and discord takes the place of harmony in the subtle sequence of thought-vibrations. Injury which may prove fatal is then near at hand. And here the expert comes practically to our aid. Not every cause of worry can of course be banished. Worry *ad extra* may have sources beyond the worker's immediate reach. But the worry of work, "that which grows out of the business in hand," which comes for instance from attempting unbecomingly, from trying to do too many things at once or too much within a given time, is always possible and often easy to avoid. Such avoidance may involve certain sacrifices. But in comparison with the danger to be escaped, the sacrifices are really slight. For the worry which disorganises the mental action

cannot be trifled with or set aside. Vainly do we seek aid in stimulants or sedatives, or try to dominate the feeling of distaste and weariness by a supreme effort of the will. We may, indeed, thus force it into the background for a time. But the temporary disappearance of the more annoying symptoms means no more than the disappearance of pain in certain maladies when "the mechanism of sensation has become disabled," or of hunger when "starvation has assailed the seat of nutrition." The real evil—the deterioration of the brain tissues—goes on none the less actively because for a time we fail to notice it. And soon again the evil symptoms return. "The effort to work becomes daily more laborious, the task of fixing the attention grows increasingly difficult, thoughts wander, memory fails, the reasoning power is enfeebled; prejudice—the shade of defunct emotion or some past persuasion—takes the place of judgment; physical, nerve, or brain disturbance may supervene; and the crash will then come suddenly, unexpected by onlookers, perhaps unperceived by the sufferer himself." Nor will the remedy then be easy. For it is a mistake to suppose in such a crisis that rest alone suffices to effect a cure. When the natural reserves of force have been once seriously attacked, they are liable not only to "waste," which rest might possibly allow them to make good, but to "depreciation," for which rest in itself can do but little. "The palsied faculties" will have "to be strengthened and incited to healthy nutrition by new activity, at first, perhaps, administered in the form of passive mental movement, and then induced by appropriate stimuli applied to the mind." Work that is orderly, pleasurable, unhurried, can alone repair the ravages which have been wrought by work over which the mind has worn itself away like an engine working with heated bearings.

So far Dr. Granville, in a lay sermon, which most brain-workers would do well to lay to heart. Yet one little moral may, perhaps, be added. The worker is not always master of his state; and worry may be forced upon him against his will. A little consideration may often smooth the path of those weaker toilers whose overthrow is easy to bring about, but whose restoration may be difficult to impossibility.

J. E. K.

LOAN-HAMPERED SMACK-OWNERS.—In connection with the great Billingsgate controversy much has been made of the fact that a numerous signed petition from the smack-owners and fishermen themselves has been presented in favour of retaining the Thames Street depot, at all events as a head centre. Without reference to the value of this testimony in settling the most prominent feature of the vexed question, it may not be amiss to mention that the opinion supposed to be volunteered by the fish winners themselves is probably not so unprejudiced as may appear. It is very far from a fact that the general body of smack-owners and fishermen are free to say as they please in the matter. In hundreds of instances the catchers are absolutely in the hands of the consignees, and dare not do or say anything likely to give offence. It is with them as with many other branches of trade. Just as the publican is frequently helplessly in the hands of the brewer, who has advanced a heavy sum to the retailer, and holds the lease of the premises of the latter as security, and as the baker is "under the miller's thumb" for money lent and flour supplied, so in countless cases is the smack-owner, in a manner of speaking, in pawn to some member of the Billingsgate ring. Losses at sea, an exceptionally bad season, many things, may place the smack-owner in embarrassed circumstances, and if he is a man of any substance he has but to apply to his London agent for a temporary loan, and he will obtain it on easy terms enough—five per cent. probably. So long as the interest is paid and everything goes smooth, the debtor is never troubled, but he is well aware what will happen if he makes himself objectionable at headquarters. He will be politely requested to pay up what he owes, or take the consequences. In other words, he is sold up probably to satisfy the debt. It is easy enough to understand that with a considerable proportion of the fish catchers enthralled in this way, those interested in the patching-up of the existing system have a reserve of strength and influence that is not generally suspected. If a Ramsgate smack-owner owes his London agent a hundred pounds, he cannot afford to complain if a poor price be returned to him for a consignment, nor can he well refuse to sign any petition that emanates from headquarters.

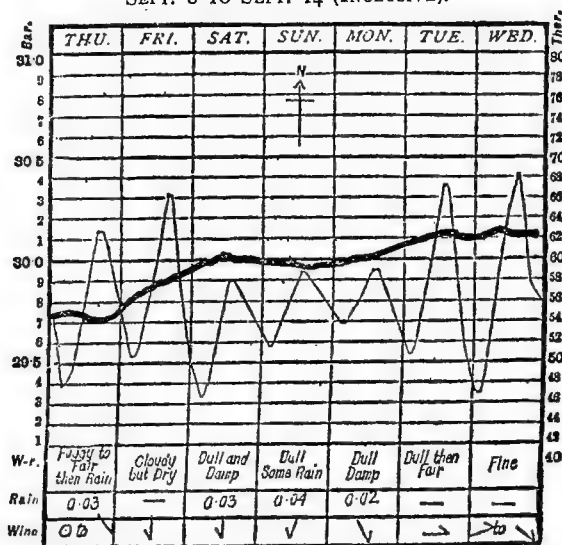
SHAM WORKING-MEN'S CLUBS.—It is, perhaps, no more than natural that the general body of publicans should regard with jealousy and ill-will social combinations that affect their interest, and that they should, through their Protection Society, keep a vigilant eye on so-called working-men's clubs. That the latter in principle are excellent institutions no one can deny. They are, or should be, places where working men may meet together in their hours of leisure, and under the mildly stimulating influence of a pint of ale, or what not, discuss politics or the current news and gossip of the day, in quiet and comfort, and without the pernicious fascinations commonly attributed to public-houses. But it now and again transpires that this privilege, which the law allows, is grossly abused, and used as a barefaced evasion of the Licensing Act. The sham workman's club is much more mischievous than the tavern or the beer-shop, inasmuch as the latter is rigorously compelled to close during certain hours of week days and the Sabbath, whereas the "club" is as free for members after midnight as before, and at any time from morning until night on Sundays. Such a case was brought a few days since to the notice of the Clerkenwell magistrates. It appeared that there is at Islington a workmen's club, the management of which is mainly in the hands of certain vestrymen of the parish, including the defendant in the case in question. Evidence was given showing that the election of members was little more than a farcical matter of form. One witness deposed that happening to be on the premises with a friend, he was asked whether he would like to become a member, and on his replying in the affirmative, one shilling was demanded of him by the way of entrance fee, and he was immediately allowed to call for what he required, and pay for it, exactly as at an ordinary public-house, with the further privilege of bringing a friend in with him whenever he liked to do so. This witness said that there may have been printed rules and regulations, but he had never seen them. The end of it was that the defendant was fined five pounds, and that, it may be assumed, is the full extent of the penalty, since there is no licence or other conditional document affecting the proprietorship of the club on which the conviction could be endorsed. For the sake of working-men's clubs that are blamelessly conducted it is to be hoped the prosecution may have a salutary effect. A meeting of licensed victuallers and others connected with the trade was held a few days ago, and several energetic speeches delivered, condemning so-called workmen's clubs which under false and fraudulent pretence traffic in excisable liquors, without paying licence fees, or being subject to vexatious restrictions of any sort. Nor can the publicans' grievance in this instance—bearing in mind the additional licensing burden recently imposed on them—be regarded as groundless.

NURSERIES FOR BOARD SCHOOL BABIES.—The conflicting opinions at various times arrived at by metropolitan magistrates as to what does and what does not constitute a valid excuse on the part of parents for disregarding the requirements of the School Board Act, would form a collection more curious than valuable as a guide and a safeguard to those in doubt and difficulty. Summoned for keeping her child at home, and pleading no shoes to wear as a reason why, Magistrate A. decides for the defendant, and tells the School Board officer that a child's health must be considered before education. Another parent, probably seeking to profit by the decision, urges a similar plea when taken before Magistrate B., who stigmatises

the said excuse as "flimsy," and in fining the parent five shillings asks her if she were that in Scotland quite respectable people send their children barefoot to school. Magistrate C. severely rebukes the summoning official for taking a boy of thirteen from his employment because he has not passed all the "standards," and Magistrate D., having to adjudicate in a similar case, peremptorily sends the boy back to school, remarking that it is ridiculous to suppose that because a lad is big for his age he is to be deprived by his selfish parents of the advantage that would not be denied a smaller boy. The same diversity of opinion prevails as to whether a girl may be kept at home to mind the smaller children while the mother is out at work. It is generally accepted that she may not, but Mr. Bridge, without distinctly opposing this view, manifestly inclines strongly towards it, as was shown a few days since at the Southwark Court. A widow was summoned for the offence alluded to, and she stated that having to work for her family she was compelled to keep the eldest child at home to take her place. Mr. Bridge told her that if her statement was correct he should not punish her, at the same time expressing his opinion that the School Board authorities should provide nurseries for the proper care of the infant children of the poor while their mothers were absent at work. While applauding the humanity of such a sentiment we cannot help thinking that it is hardly one that would meet with glad acceptance by the already heavily-taxed ratepayer. A sufficient number of the asylums suggested would necessitate the expenditure of many thousands of pounds in the building, to say nothing of the perpetual cost of an extensive staff of matrons and "minders," since it is tolerably certain that the majority of poor mothers with many infants would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of having so much daily worry taken off their hands. As regards the case quoted, Mr. Bridge eventually adjourned the summons *sine die*, and merely requested the mother to send her child to school "as often as she could." But other mothers had best beware how they apply the same decision to their own cases, since it is as likely as not another magistrate will pooh-pooh the excuse, and mulct the unfortunate over-confident pleader in a penalty.

PUBLIC FREE LIBRARIES.—One of the most interesting and important papers read at the Conference of the Library Association this week was that contributed by Mr. W. E. A. Axon on "Legislation for Public Free Libraries," but the discussion which arose out of it was of a most disappointing and unsatisfactory character. Mr. Axon pointed out that the Act of 1850, limiting the library rate to a halfpenny in the pound, had been altered in 1855, when the amount was raised to a penny in the pound, and referring to Sir John Lubbock's projected measure for the amendment of the law, he contended that no reform would be satisfactory which did not give power to local representative authorities to establish free libraries for the public good at the public cost, without placing any restriction upon the amount of money which should be spent upon that object. Another speaker, however, while agreeing that the rate ought not to be limited to a particular sum, declared his conviction that if a proposal were made to raise the rate from 1*d.* to 1½*d.*, it would "give the death blow" to the library movement for years to come. Ultimately it was agreed to defer the consideration of Sir John Lubbock's Bill, of which it appears there are two separate drafts in preparation, until after the meeting which has been convened for Monday next at Manchester for the discussion of them. We write in ignorance of the provisions of Sir John Lubbock's proposed measure, but we hope that if any alteration in the law is to be made, it will include the substitution of a compulsory clause for the permissive one which is now in force. The Free Library movement has spread to a very great extent, but there is still plenty of room for its further extension, and no town or district of any considerable size should be allowed to remain without participating in its advantages. It is at least as much the duty of the State to insist on adequate provision being made for the intellectual growth and culture of the people as to enact laws for the preservation of their physical well-being, and no cliques of ignorant or miserly citizens should be allowed any longer to stand in the way, as has been the case in too many instances during the last quarter of a century. It is grievous to learn, as we do from one of the speakers at the Conference, that five-sixths of the population of the country are still without Free Libraries, and it is little less than a disgrace to the metropolis (one of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest, of the cities of the world) and where there should be at least one for every School Board district, that in it only one Free Library has been established under the Act.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK SEPT. 8 TO SEPT. 14 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the earlier half of this period the barometer stood relatively highest over our western and northern coasts, and lowest to the south-eastward of us, the resulting gradients being for northerly winds. Breezes from that quarter consequently prevailed, and, owing to the fact that small shallow depressions were continually passing across our neighbourhood from the northward, the sky was, upon the whole, exceedingly cloudy, with slight rain on several occasions. On Monday (12th inst.) the distribution of pressure began to change. The barometer rose steadily over France, while it gave way upon our northern coasts, so that in a short time pressure was highest to the southward of us and lowest to the northward. With such conditions gradients are invariably found to be for westerly winds, and we accordingly find that on Monday (12th inst.) the wind backed into the north-west, while on Tuesday (13th inst.) it went round as far as west. No depressions, however, of any consequence appeared in our vicinity, and the weather therefore improved, the sky on Tuesday and Wednesday (13th and 14th inst.) being at times almost entirely free from cloud, and the general appearances very fair and quiet. Temperature has been rather low for the time of year throughout the week, this being especially the case on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday (10th, 11th, and 12th inst.), on each of which occasions the thermometer did not reach 60° at any time. The barometer was highest (30.13 inches) on Wednesday (14th inst.); lowest (29.72 inches) on Thursday (8th inst.); range, 0.41 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (68°) on Wednesday (14th inst.); lowest (47°) on Saturday (10th inst.), and Wednesday (14th inst.); range, 21°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0.12 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.04 inches, on Sunday (11th inst.).

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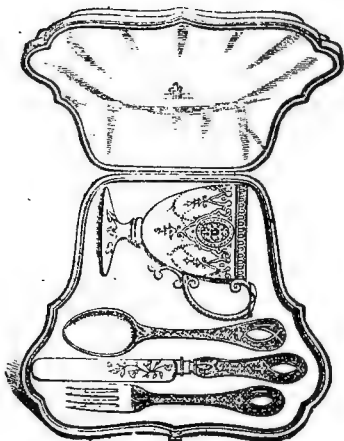
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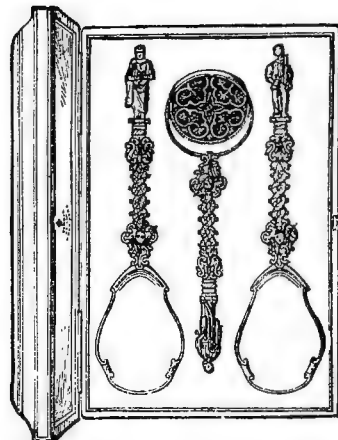
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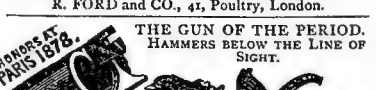
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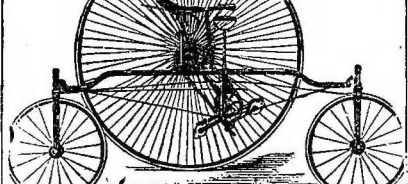
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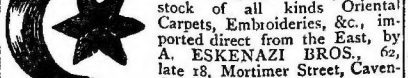

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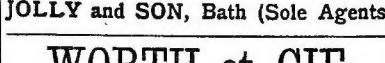
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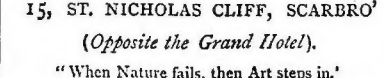
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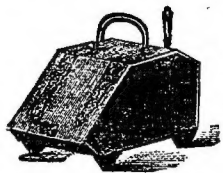

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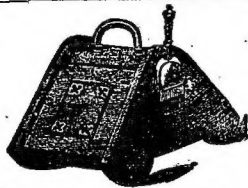
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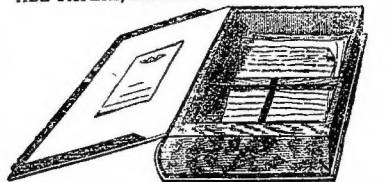
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